

Sports Illustrated

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Mennen Speed Stick. *The deodorant that actually builds a resistance to odor.*



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Next week

BUZZIE BAVASI begins a four-part series (with Jack O'Brien) on what it's like to be general manager of the Dodgers with a behind-the-scenes account of the Koufas-Drysdale holdout

THE DERBY REPORT by Whitney Tower and a corps of photographers excludes all the color and surrounding horse racing's premier event and the strategy of the 93rd spring classic

LOVELY RIVERS in the Arctic are the fishing grounds for Duncan Barnes and Artist Francis Golden, who took a flying saucer to the Northwest Territories in search of chair

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

In January of this year SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's circulation hit one and a quarter million—a long way from the 450,000 we had when we started publishing in 1954. Although no further increase had been planned, an acceleration rate of growth will peg the figure at 1,350,000 in September and, by conservative estimate, at 1,450,000 in 1968.

It was not always so easy, and the man who knows this well is Bob Cowin, our circulation director, who has been selling SI to the readers ever since it was only an idea. "Most people in the business," Cowin recalls, "predicted that SPORTS ILLUSTRATED would be a flop. There was a feeling that interest in sport was only expressed in areas of individual preference, and that anything else—a larger umbrella—just wouldn't work out." In other words, football belonged in football fan magazines, Ping-Pong in Ping-Pong fan magazines, and never the twain should mate.

"Our growth now surprises even me, though I'm the person who works out

how we're going to get our next 100,000," Cowin says. "What I have discovered, however, is that the last 100,000 is easier than the one before. Each leap comes easier."

Between the leaps have come some little skips and jumps. When Rick Mount appeared on the cover (SI, Feb. 14, 1966), 7,300 newsstand copies were sold in Lebanon, Ind. alone. (The population of Lebanon is 9,523.) But the steady increase is attributed by Cowin and his staff to growing appreciation of the magazine's literary and visual quality and to such improvements as faster distribution and more current color pages.

During our 13 years of steady progress, some 60 million letters to present and prospective subscribers have been sent over Cowin's signature. Some of the recipients may still be wondering who in the name of Willie Mays Robert E. Cowin is.

Cowin is a 44-year-old Connecticut family man dedicated to God, country, direct mail—and golf. "I started to play when I was 9, back in Franklin, Pa.," he says. "I wanted to play baseball, but my parents insisted on dragging me along to the club they belonged to." Now glad they did, Cowin has won the Magazine Publishers Association tournament the last two years and is a frequent Time Inc. champion. Cowin says he had a five handicap when he was 15 and has been trying, possibly not too hard, to get it back ever since: "My handicap is eight now, but I win more."

The way the circulation is expanding now, increases will come so easily that Bob Cowin should have plenty of time to concentrate on cutting off those three strokes.



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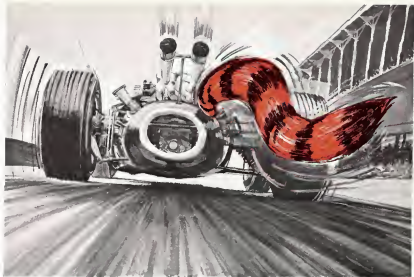


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SCORECARD

QUICK COUNT

It is hard to feel sympathy for a man who refuses to serve his country, but the New York State Athletic Commission and the World Boxing Association did their best last week to make Muhammad Ali an underdog. Although Ali has yet to be arrested or charged, much less convicted, the New York commission suspended his boxing license and took away his heavy-eight title minutes after he formally indicated he would not submit to induction. The WBA was more laggardly in doing its patriotic duty and getting its name in the papers. The Associated Press didn't move the WBA's statement until nearly four hours had elapsed.

Edwan B. Dooley, the chairman of the New York commission, said Ali's decision was "detrimental to the best interests of boxing," and this could be the case. But, although Dooley may have the authority to declare Ali's title vacant as far as New York is concerned, there was no need to act so intemperately. Boxing and New York would have been safe for the 30 to 60 days U.S. Attorney Morton Susman estimates it will take to prepare charges against Ali. The only ones who could get hurt by the delay are the ghoulish promoters, who hope to make a quick buck from elimination bouts to determine a new champion. Most regrettably, Ali's rights as a citizen, which the Government has so scrupulously safeguarded all these months, seem to have been violated. Of course, it's unlikely that either Dooley or M. Robert Evans, the president of the WBA, would have acted as they did if they felt that Ali was in any position to bring suit.

Boxing can afford to tolerate Ali the while. It cannot afford to play fast and loose with the principles and due processes of the law.

ANOMALOUS KNICK

No sooner did Bill Bradley sign with the New York Knickerbockers last week than the press started updating the old myths that deep down he's plotting to be

(cheek one) Governor of Missouri, U.S. Senator, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, Secretary of State, President.

Indeed, Bradley is a very anomalous cat for the NBA—a banker's son, an Ivy Leaguer, a Rhodes scholar, a student of philosophy, politics and economics—but why not just take him for what he is, a young man of 23 who has decided to play ball for love and money? The money is about half a million dollars for four years. The love is for the game of basketball. Bradley simply wasn't satisfied working out alone in an Oxford gym imagining he was one-on-one with Oscar Robertson. He had to find out how he'd really do against the Big O or Jerry West.

First, on July 7, Bradley has to go into the Air Force for six months. However, during his last month of active duty he will be stationed at McGuire AFB in New Jersey, about 1½ hours from Madison Square Garden, so he may be able to work out with the Knicks on week-ends, and perhaps even get into a few home games before January. How will he do in the pro basket? Can he become the instant star everyone expects him to be? Or will he be another Cazzie Russell? There are the questions to be pondered, not whether Bill Bradley is going to be President after Teddy Kennedy.

THAT'S USING YOUR HEAD

According to Pedro Mir, the matchmaker of the Miami jai alai Irón, when a jai alai ball, which is very hard, comes zinging off the front wall it may be going 120 mph. Understandably, if the ball hit a player on the head it could fracture his skull. Which is what happened last summer to Orbea, one of Mir's players, and, he says, the best frontman in the world. So, Mir and Assistant General Manager Buddy Berenson decided it was time to see a man about helmets.

They settled on modified jockey helmets. But the players felt they were unmanly and refused to wear them. Finally, a young frontman named Odrizola

was persuaded to try one on for size. This was a good thing, because Odrizola was the only one whose head was small enough to fit. Next he was asked to wear the helmet for a shot or two for feel. The crucial impact test would come later with a wooden dummy. Ah, but no one took into account the singular make-up of the Basque male. Odrizola sent a terrific shot against the front wall and, as the ball came back, made a small bow and let it strike him full on the helmet. The blow sent Odrizola reeling, but a little smile was on his lips. All Miami jai alai players now wear helmets.

NEW WORK IN THE OULD SOD

Is there an earthworm shortage? There had better be for Dominic Molphy's sake. Molphy, 30, of Dublin, recently set up a firm known as U.S. Exports Ltd. to pick Irish earthworms and ship them to the U.S. "Our target," he says, "is 100 million worms a year."

Ireland is evidently well endowed with both earthworms and potential earthworm pickers. A survey Molphy carried out near Dublin revealed places where there are as many as 500,000 worms an acre. "In the Kildare area," he says, "worms seem to be very plentiful."

The Irish worm-picking season runs from now to October, a period when the



nighttime temperature is a suitable 50°, and there is a bit of moisture in the air. The favored picking method is to use a miner's lamp and helmet. Cans are strapped to each leg, leaving the hands free to pick.

Molphy says he will need 500 regular pickers. "Up to now," he says, "we have spoken to almost 600. Everyone wants

continued

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SCORECARD continued

to see for themselves and have a look at it, so we don't know how many will actually keep it."

Molphy is going to pay his pickers \$2.10 a gallon, there are 900 to 1,000 worms to a gallon, depending on their size. Says Molphy: "Pickers in Canada—and it's highly developed around Toronto—can pick a gallon in a half hour."

Once delivered to the premises at Shamrock Terrace, North Strand, Dublin, the worms will be placed in treated peat moss in cool rooms, where, Molphy says, they will curl up and go into a form of hibernation. Just before being shipped they will be awakened by raising the temperature, and given a good feed of baby-chicken mash, bran and skimmed milk.

Molphy, who expects to get roughly \$2.80 a gallon for his worms, has little hope that he can muster the labor force to attain his 100-million goal this year. However, once the word gets out, he believes that fast-weather pickers will swell the ranks. "On mornings after a good night, you could get two million worms delivered to the storage department," he says. "For this you would need perhaps a thousand men, women and children, which is not at all impossible in the Dublin area."

BEFORE THE FALL

One of the newest brides on the pro golf tour is Mrs. Tom Weiskopf, who as Jeanne Ruth was Miss Minnesota of 1965.

"The one thing I can't get used to yet," Jeanne said last week, "is how much some of the big-time golfers' wives criticize their husbands in front of the whole group. At one recent get-together, a really big golfer—whom I won't dare mention—sat back laughing as his wife told him all the mistakes he made that day. Wrong grip. Wrong stance. She even told him he took too long to make a putt. I wouldn't dare try this on Tom."

"Of course not," Weiskopf replied. "You don't know how to play golf yet."

GOING UNDER

Although they seem to have lost something in translation, the following are purportedly the thoughts which flashed through the mind of James Couttet, a Frenchman and a former world-champion skier, while he was swimming in the Mediterranean four years ago: "Why not build an underwater cable car for

continued



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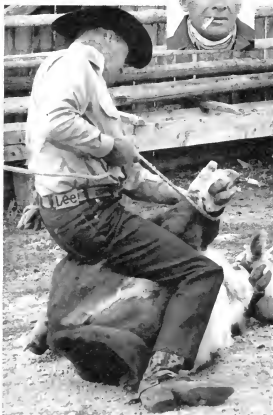
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the brand working cowboys wear

SCORECARD • Continued

tourists who want to visit the depths? After all, not everyone, especially people over 40, are able or willing to take the risks of skin diving. In a way, it would be an extension of the Valle Blanche cable car, which thousands of nonskiers or inept skiers take at Chamonix or Courmayeur to see an extraordinary panorama of the Alps. I've spent years with ski lifts and cable cars in the Alps. If I could invent an underwater cable car I'd have a *raison d'être* for spending half of the year on the Mediterranean coast."

Finally, this summer the Telescaphe, the world's first underwater cable car, is scheduled to begin shuttling tourists, at depths ranging from 26 to 33 feet, between two rocky shores of Callegongue Cove, a few miles south of Marseilles. The Telescaphe consists of four watertight cabins, each seating six passengers, which are suspended from two cables. They will travel 1,600 feet at about 150 feet a minute, for a 10-minute ride each way.

However, the view isn't going to be anything to write home about. The Mediterranean is blue and limpid enough in Callegongue Cove, but the sea floor is rather dull. For example, there is no coral, because the water is too cold. Furthermore, the area is fished out, so the passengers are unlikely to get a look at much wildlife.

Countet readily admits that there are more beautiful spots where Telescaphes might be built, which is why he has also taken out patents in, among other countries, the U.S., Japan and Israel. How many of these spots would be beautiful once he had run his cable-car lines through is another matter.

OUTFOXED

A hunter named J. F. Jones was calling a turkey from a blind near McComb, Miss. when a growling fox suddenly leaped on his back. Jones got the fox off, shot him and sent the head to Jackson for a rabies examination, which proved negative. "I didn't think there was anything wrong with the fox," said Jones. "He simply thought I was a turkey."

HAPPY ENDING?

When is it cruel to be kind? Consider Hamdan, perhaps the finest Arab stallion ever bred in Egypt, for whom King Farouk once turned down an offer of \$122,000. But, like his late master, Ham-

continued



**A Hertz girl did a little something extra
for a customer and got a 336 foot fan letter instead of a raise.**

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In return, the customer spent an hour at a computer writing her what must be the world's longest thank you note.

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deserved a raise.

The customer went too far.

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Many people go by the philosophy "oil is oil." And without getting technical about it, there wasn't much we could do to show them otherwise . . . before we added liquid tungsten.

Things are a little different now. Tungsten is one of the hardest metals known to man. And in liquid form it toughens up motor oil. Tests in 35,000 cars over 200 million miles show that Castrol with liquid tungsten increases

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So the next time you need an oil change try Castrol. We go by the philosophy "you can't really appreciate a motor oil until after you try it." A few thousand miles after

Castrol Oils Incorporated, Newark, N. J. Kansas City, Mo., Palo Alto, Calif.

Castrol is ingenuity

dan fell on bad times, and this past October, a skin-and-bones wreck, he was sold to the Cairo zoo as lion food for \$1.25. Then, at the last minute, he was saved by a group of Americans residing in Cairo (54, Nov. 21, 1966).

Hamdan, which means the thankful, was subsequently acquired by Douglas B. Marshall, a Texas breeder, who in recent years has bought 30 Arab horses in Egypt. It was Marshall's intention to return Hamdan to the El Zahraa stud, where he was foaled, to live the rest of his days and sire more of his kind. And there he is, a venerable 31, surrounded by his get, including a 21-year-old son, Antar, and seven other horses of middle age. Hamdan has gained a good deal of weight and his silvery tail and mane, which were heartlessly clipped for fly whisks while he was stabled in the zoo, have grown four inches.

Fade out for a happy ending? Uh-uh. Since Marshall is a good customer, the Egyptians are themselves supporting Hamdan. But, as the stud's chief veterinarian, Dr. Mohammed El Masafi, says, "At 31 Hamdan is the equivalent of a 124-year-old man, so his breeding potential is doubtful. He should rest, and the way to make him rest is to shoot him. We have had six generations of this great horse. Once priceless, he is now useless from a scientific point of view."

Woe, Hamdan is full of cancer, but the Egyptians, "out of respect for American sentimentalism," are giving him the best medical care.

Horse people can be mawkish or realistic about the animals they love. The rescue of Hamdan was well-intended, but many owners of hunters, who have considered their horses lifelong friends, face up to facts. When a hunter, even if retired to pasture, is sore and hurting, he is put down (a euphemism for a humane killing) and, often, fed to the hounds. Perhaps old Hamdan should have been thrown to the lions after all.

THEY SAID IT

• Joe Azcue, Cleveland catcher, upon receiving the Golden Tomahawk award for being the Indians' most underrated player in 1966: "Thank you. The only thing I can say is that I'm still underrated."

• Rod Gilbert, Ranger right wing, asked whether hockey fights are faked. "If they were faked, you would see me in more of them."

END



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by giving it a ferocious name.
Or you can build an exciting car.**

And just call it an MGB.

We're more interested in rousing your spirits with our car than our name. So we make sure the excitement of an MGB is car-deep rather than name-deep or skin-deep.

In fact, in an MGB even the skin is purposeful. Its clean-lined envelope is designed to reduce wind resistance, not sales resistance. With 18 gauge steel for strength. And aluminum for lightness where appropriate. On the road the



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Its 1798 cc engine can run all day at turnpike speeds without breathing hard. Its race-proved suspension gets you out of tight spots and into tight corners without a hint of unsteadiness. And anytime you want to bring it to a sudden or gentle stop, you've got fade-free, no-swerve-or-sway disc brakes.

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For anyone at Weyenberg who can prove their shoes are better than ours: A lifetime supply of shoes.

Over the past months, we've tried to be gentlemen about this feud business. We really have.

But even the most gentle of men can be pushed too far. And when a competitor insults the head of our company the way Weyenberg did two weeks ago...well, that's pushing too far.

Bringing personalities into this is entirely beside the point.

The point, Weyenberg, is shoes. Shoes. Remember? We've taken a good hard look at yours. We've exam-

ined them closely. And although we're willing to admit that you make a fairly good shoe, it still doesn't come up to our standards.

Sorry.

But if you still insist that Weyenberg shoes are better than Portage, here's what we'll do.

To anyone at Weyenberg who can prove they are, we will supply a lifetime of Portage shoes.

Which proves something else. How sure of ourselves we are.

Portage
PORTAGE SHOES



FROM \$19.95 TO \$24.95, PORTAGE SHOE CO., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.
A DIVISION OF THE ADVERTISING SHOE CO., CO.



TAPS FOR THE CHAMP

Muhammad Ali predicted great demonstrations, but they were mild (eff). And so were the induction proceedings in Houston, where a calm military led Ali down the corridor to the room where he would make his fateful decision to reject the draft call. Here—perhaps—was the eclipse of the prize ring's most colorful star **by EDWIN SHRAKE**



As he looked at himself in the mirror behind the coffee-shop counter at the Hotel America in Houston early last Friday, on perhaps his final morning as heavyweight champion, Muhammad Ali was wondering how history would reflect upon him. The idea that he is an historical figure, a leader of his people, a Muslim Davy Crockett, had become an obsession and a consolation to Ali as the time approached for him to refuse to be inducted into the armed forces of the United States.

Three days earlier, at lunch in another hotel, he had said, "I've left the sports

pages. I've gone onto the front pages. I want to know what is right, what'll look good in history. I'm being tested by Allah. I'm giving up my title, my wealth, maybe my future. Many great men have been tested for their religious belief. If I pass this test, I'll come out stronger than ever. I've got no jails, no power, no government, but 600 million Muslims are giving me strength. Will they make me the leader of a country? Will they give me gold? Will the Supreme Being knock down the jails with an earthquake, like He could if He want? Am I a fool to give up my wealth and my title and go lay an

prison? Am I a fool to give up good steaks? Do you think I'm serious? If I am, then why can't I worship as I want to in America? All I want is justice. Will I have to get that from history?"

Now, as he poked a fork at four soft-boiled eggs and drank a tall glass of orange juice and a cup of coffee, Muhammad Ali—or Cassius M. Clay Jr., as it says on the legal documents that his lawyers carry into court in two cardboard boxes—was being moved by the clock toward his most fateful encounter since the night in 1964 when he knocked out Sonny Liston in Miami. *continued*

Beach. That one got him the heavyweight championship, and this one could lose it for him. "But not in the eyes of the people," he said. "The people know the only way I can lose my title is in the ring. My title goes where I go. But if they won't let me fight, it could cost me \$10 million in earnings. Does that sound like I'm serious about my religion?"

"Come on, Champ, come on," said his New York attorney, Hayden Covington. "We've got 25 minutes."

"If we're one minute late, they're liable to shove you behind bars," his Houston attorney, Quinnan Hodges, said.

"All right, man, all right," said Ali. "If you want to go, let's go."

They went out onto the street and packed the entourage into two taxicabs for the ride to the Armed Forces Examining and Entrance Station on the third floor of the U.S. Custom House at 701 San Jacinto Street in Houston. The morning was cool and gray, elephant-colored, with a touch of mist coming down. Earlier Ali had said he would walk to the induction center from the Hotel America, a distance of about a mile, or from his apartment in South Houston, six miles out into a Negro district. But "the champ don't feel up to it, anyhow," said Bundini Brown, Ali's sometime assistant trainer. The night before Ali and Brown had been up until nearly 2 a.m., talking. Ali was working off his vast energy.

"It was like the night before a fight," Bundini said. "The champ has got to talk and talk until he can fall asleep without tossing and turning."

Ali was still in the shower when Covington and Hodges went up to fetch him at 6:30 a.m. He dressed quickly, putting on a tailored blue suit, reassuring his lawyers he would not be late. "He was a lot cooler than we were," Hodges said.

At the induction center there was a crowd of reporters and photographers but only a few curious spectators standing on the steps and on the broad walk that led into the building. Ali got out of his cab shortly before 8 a.m. When the lights of the television cameras went on, Ali shoved Bundini away from him. Although he is largely in sympathy with the Muslims, Bundini is not a convert and they did not want his face appearing at the champion's shoulder. Ali pushed through the crowd, paused on the steps to smile for the cameras and entered an elevator in the lobby. There was such a crush of people that many of the 26 pre-

induction examinees who were reporting that morning for Houston's Board No. 61 could not get on the elevator, causing the examination schedule to begin 15 minutes late. One of the PIEs, John McCulloch, 22, of Sam Houston State College, was forced back against the wall by the wake of the champion's following. Clutching his canvas overnight bag—an item Ali did not bother to bring, since he knew he would not be leaving on the 6 p.m. bus for Fort Polk, La.—McCulloch said, "I feel kind of sorry for the old guy. He can't get away from all this mess."

On the third floor Ali was taken down the hall past a barrier guarded by soldiers. After roll call he began his physical examination. A mental examination was not required, because the results of Ali's previous mental exam were available to the processing personnel. "It was great, the way he came in," said Ron Holland, a PIE transfer from Escondido, Calif. "You all look very dejected," he told us, "I'm gonna tell you some jokes." He was very cheerful. He cheered us all up. He talked about Floyd Patterson. I asked him about that Russian who is supposed to be such a good boxer, and he said, "We'll take care of him." He told us his mind was made up. He said if he went into the Army and the Viet Cong didn't get him, some red-neck from Georgia would. He was in good spirits. I got his autograph. I've been in this examining center before, and this was the first time I've been treated so well. I think the Army was trying to impress the champ. He even told me to hang around and he'd see that I got out of the building all right in case there was a riot or something outside."

Ali had been preparing for weeks for the moment when he would refuse to take the symbolic one step forward that would put him into the service. He had decided at least two weeks earlier on his course of action.

The refusal to take that one step forward, Ali had been told, was the only way he could get his case judged in court as a civil suit. In any controversy with the government, a citizen must, in legal terms, "exhaust his administrative remedies" before he can be heard in a civil proceeding by a federal judge. Ali's request for a draft exemption on the grounds that he is a Muslim minister had been denied not in court but by the Selective Service Board of Kentucky, by

National Selective Service System Director Lieut. General Lewis Hershey and by Judge Henry Gwinnada, Dr. Kenneth W. Clement and Commissioner Charles Collatos, members of the three-man National Selective Service Appeal Board. Until Ali actually showed up for induction and refused to take the one step forward that is, in effect, an oath, his administrative remedies were not exhausted—which explains why there had been so many appeals, requests and suits filed by Covington and Hodges.

Ali, under the guidance of Muslim Leader Elijah Muhammad and Elijah Muhammad's son, Herbert, hired Covington in August of last year. Covington, 56, is a distinguished attorney who wears rimless glasses, combs his white hair in a flowing sweep and gives the impression he should be hooking his thumbs into a pair of galluses in the Clarence Darrow manner when he leans over the rail of a jury box. A member of Jehovah's Witnesses, he has argued many of their cases, and on a single day in 1943 he got 13 decisions handed down in his favor by the U.S. Supreme Court. Covington is the son of a Texas Ranger. He grew up in Sulphur Springs, Texas on the Mexican border, went to law school in San Antonio and has practiced in Manhattan since 1939. A month ago he brought in prominent Houston Trial Lawyer Hodges, 45, as associate counsel. Ali calls them Big Boss and Little Boss. They both call him Champ.

"I'm a southern white Episcopalian from the University of Virginia and the University of Texas," Hodges says. "But it doesn't matter what I think of the Muslims. I'm a lawyer first, and I know the champ is not only a sincere Muslim minister but a nice person. The first time I talked to him, a cute white girl walked up and held out her hand to him. 'Oh, break it, break it,' she said. It embarrassed him and he walked off. Later I was talking to him and said something would 'enhance' our position. 'What's that word, lawyer?' he said. If he had an education, there'd be no limit to the man."

Ali returned to Houston from a trip to Chicago, Louisville and Washington, on the Monday night of his final week before reporting for induction. Covington and Hodges met him at the airport. He got into the back seat of a white convertible and asked to be driven to his apartment. "This won't blow my hair, will it?" he asked laughing. "Hey,

lawyers, I been in jail. I went to a jail in Washington, just checking the place out, you know. They live nice in that jail. They got a gym, TV, good food. The prisoners heard I was there and the warden asked me to speak before they tore up the place. Then I went into the streets and spoke to thousands. I signed autographs for two and a half hours. I got thousands coming to the fair. What does it take to make me a minister? Why they want to put a man like me in the Army? If I have to die, I'll die. Most people die for nothing. I'll at least be dying for something."

Cruising along through the warm, blue Houston night, Ali directed the driver to stop at a bowling alley. "I'll show you what the people think of me," he said. Inside were a few whites and about 50 Negroes. Ali walked among them, kissing babies, shaking hands, always looking over his shoulders to see who was coming up next. Rather disappointed with his reception, he went back

to the car and was driven to Texas Southern University, where roughly 100 Negro students had gathered on the sidewalk not knowing they were to be visited. More than a week before, they had been throwing bottles and bricks through car windshields in a protest inspired by Stokely Carmichael. This evening Ali jumped out of his car, threw up his arms and shouted, "I'm ready to rumble!"

"Hi, soul," somebody yelled.
 "Hi, brother," shouted Ali.
 The students gathered around him, while Hodges and Covington waited in the car.

"Burn their babies," a student said.
 "Stokely, he tell the word to burn Whitey," said another.

"I'm telling you religion," Ali said.
 "Naw, not religion. We want to burn Whitey."

"Don't do nothing violent. We're not violent," said the champion.

"This is rebellion, man. They take you in the Army, they see a rebellion."

"Stokely say burn their babies."
 "We don't want violence," Ali said.
 "You don't put down a black brother," said a little guy with a mustache.
 "Are you married?" Ali asked a girl.
 "Yeah, man, I'm married to SNCC," she answered.

After a few more minutes of listening to shouted slogans, Ali returned to the car. "They're a bunch of young fools," he said. "I don't want any of this violence. I hear there'll be demonstrations Friday morning in New York, Chicago, London, Egypt. There are 16,000 Muslims in Cleveland who'll demonstrate. Jim Brown's organization called me about that. Muslims are flying in from all over the country. Nearly every Negro is a Muslim at heart. The trouble is, first thing you got to do to be a Muslim is live a righteous life. Most people, white or black, don't want to do that."

Ali got out of the car at the Ardmore Apartments, where he rents a neat little two-bedroom air-conditioned white-

roomed



Lawyers Hodges (left) and Covington (far right) go over legal ground rules at exclusive Houston Club with Ali and the government's attorney, Susman.

SELECTIVE SERVICE SYSTEM
ORDER FOR TRANSFERRED MAN TO
REPORT FOR INDUCTION

(When Not Required)



The President of the United States,

To: **Mr. Cassius Marcellus Clay, Jr.**
ALA Muhammad Ali
5902 Ardmore Street
Houston, Texas 77022

INDUCTION BOARD NO. 62
SELECTIVE SERVICE SYSTEM
415 FEDERAL CITY DRIVE
COP. 10000 & 1-10000 STS
HOUSTON, TEXAS 77002
(Area Office)

March 29, 1967
(Date of Induction)

SELECTIVE SERVICE NO.			
15	47	42	107

GREETING

Having heretofore been ordered to report for induction by Local Board No. 47, State of **Kentucky**, **Kearsville, Kentucky**, which is your Local Board of Origin, and having been transferred upon your own request to Local Board No. 62, State of **Texas**, **Houston, Texas**, which is your Local Board of Transfer, for delivery to an induction station, you will, therefore, report to the last-named Local Board at **KROGER, 1344 13TH ST. HOUSTON, TEXAS** (Place of Reporting) on **April 28, 1967** at **8:00 A.M.** (Hour) (Day)

(Signature of Local Board of Transfer)

IMPORTANT NOTES

IF YOU HAVE BEEN PREVIOUSLY SELECTED FOR SERVICE OR ARE NOW CLAIMED AS A "SELECTED PERSON" OF THE SELECTIVE SERVICE SYSTEM, YOU WILL BE REQUIRED TO REPORT TO THE INDUCTION STATION AT THE TIME AND PLACE SPECIFIED IN THIS ORDER.

MEMBER OF THE "NATIONAL SELECTIVE SERVICE BOARD"

Ali's induction notice addressed champ both as Cassius Marcellus (sic) Clay and Muhammad Ali.

brick cottage. He said good night to his attorneys and knocked on the door of his legal residence, Reggie Shabazz, who works for Ali, was staying there, but he was not in and Ali had no key. He took a cab and went to the Hotel America.

At noon the next day Ali went to lunch at the exclusive Houston Club with Hodges, Covington, U.S. Attorney Morton Sussman, Assistant U.S. Attorney Carl Walker and a local Muslim minister, Raymond X (ne Washington). Sussman, a Jew, and Walker, a Negro, were to take the government side in Ali's final pre-induction appeal, while the lawyers dismissed ground rules, Ali launched into a typical speech about his religion.

"Blacks and whites are dying in Vietnam so those people over there will have the freedom to worship as they want," he said. "So how come I can't do it here?" He is not necessarily opposed to the war in Vietnam, merely to his own presence in the armed services.

Ignoring the stares from the luncheon crowd at the Houston Club, Ali finished his meal and went up one flight to the

kitchen to shake hands with the help. "I want the baddest man in the house," he said. "Who wants to fight me?" Raymond X, a tiny, sharp-faced man with a thin mustache, smiled. "Oh, my, he's sweet," he said. "He comes out to preach at our mosque on Polk Street."

How many members did the local mosque have? "A hundred," said Raymond X. A hundred? "Well, almost," he said. "Of course, all of them don't always attend. They're like members of any church, I guess. Some of them attend just often enough to stay members."

Could whites attend? "Oh, my, I don't have that authority. Permission would have to come from Chicago. I'd hate to go back to the ranks, you understand."

On the sidewalk again, Ali loped off in his swinging, bouncing stride, with little Raymond X trotting after him. The champion went to the airport and flew to Chicago to close up his suite at a motel, put his Cadillac into a garage and deposit some money in his bank. While in Chicago he discussed the house he wants to buy. It would have a Muhammad Ali museum in the basement

and a movie screen to show his fights to his grandchildren. He talked about being a leader of his people, like a few of his heroes—Columbus, Jesus, Wyatt Earp and Davy Crockett, all of whom, he says, stood up for what they believed. He is not a Joe Louis fan. The former heavyweight champion has criticized Ali for not going into the Army as Louis did in a different time and a different war. "Louis is the one without courage," said Ali. "Louis, he doesn't know what the words mean. He's a sucker."

Ali returned to Houston and met with Covington and Hodges for lunch at the Rice Hotel on Thursday. Covington was talking about his big day in 1943 with the 13 favorable Supreme Court decisions. "Big Boss, this is '67, no longer are you in heaven," Ali said, laying his head against Covington's shoulder and snoring. "Oh," he said, "when this is over, all I want to do is fall down on the islands of Japan and listen to that native music."

They were on their way to the Federal District Court of Judge Allen Hannay. Covington and Hodges were seeking a restraining order to prevent the Selective Service Boards of Kentucky and Texas, as well as General Hershey, from reporting Ali as delinquent until his request for an exemption could be ruled on in federal court as a civil matter. Under normal procedure, when Ali refused to take the one step forward, he was to be reported as delinquent, which could result in a criminal charge. Eventually he would be indicted and arrested. That was what Ali's attorneys wished to avoid.

Waiting for the 2 p.m. hearing, Ali chatted in the hall outside the courtroom with a score of fans. Wearing a blue suit, a Muslim tie clasp and wraparound sunglasses, he said he wanted to give Patterson another chance at the championship. "Listen, they'd say he's too old if I beat him again. The Cat [Cleveland Williams]? He's a nice fellow. My hardest fight was [Karl] Mildenerberger. If you think it was easy to whip him, you're wrong. Next thing, I'll be fighting football and basketball players. Chamberlain? Ti-m-m-ber-r-r. I can whip all these folks. I turned down \$500,000 to play the life of Jack Johnson because he wasn't the right type of person. I'd want to control my own scripts. I don't like movies. I like real-life drama. Like what's going on here today. This is history you're witnessing. Why, people are betting money on this just like a fight."

In the courtroom it began to look like a tight crowd. Promoter Harold Conrad came in from New York. Bindini Brown sat in the first row. Ali sat at a table, leaning back in a green leather wing chair. After Convington had made his opening argument and Susman and Fred Drogala, a federal attorney from Washington, had responded, Ali was called to the stand. Generally, an attorney will spend hours preparing his client for testimony. The practice is called woodshedding. Ali was prepared in less than a minute. Ali Hodges told him was: "Tell the truth, and don't get belligerent if you are cross-examined."

Judge Hannay, who had the lined red face and brief smile of an old cowboy, an appearance he got by playing golf frequently at Houston's River Oaks Country Club, seemed very interested in having Ali in his witness box. In the hall Ali had told some Texas Southern students who spoke of protest, "I don't want you suffering just because I suffer. Don't get hurt. They're talking about killing the jails." To Judge Hannay, Ali was courteous, always saying, "sir." But his testimony made the judge blink.

Ali told how he had been approached by the Muslims in Miami in 1961 and had finally been sold on the religion shortly before the Liston fight in 1964. He said "Old McDonald" (Promoter Bill McDonald) had tried to make him renounce his religion but he had refused. He claimed that he had packed his bags and climbed aboard his bus to leave Miami Beach, even though he owed \$64,000, before McDonald relented.

After that demonstration of his sincerity, Ali testified, he was given the Muslim name of Muhammad Ali—meaning "one who is worthy of praise"—which was recorded in the Muslims' Lamb's Book of Life. Ali then became a minister of his religion, one that is known as the Lost Found Nation of Islam in North America. Ali told the judge there were 75 Muslim mosques in the U.S. and said that he had spoken at 18 of them. Also, he said, he had spoken at a number of colleges. He said his job is as a Muslim minister, at which he spends 160 hours per month, and his sideline is being the heavyweight champion of the world. Unfortunately for Ali, none of that was at issue in court that day. Susman and Drogala kept repeating that Ali had not exhausted his administrative

remedies yet, and Judge Hannay agreed.

But not before he heard Ali testify that "Jesus was a righteous prophet of Allah who came 2,000 years too soon. He didn't leave earth and go up to heaven on a cloud. He's no spook in the sky. His body is embalmed to last 10,000 years and is buried in the East. But of course, Judge, all Shmoons, Maosons and Muslims know about that."

Ali discussed his ex-wife and the money it cost him to divorce her when he realized she was not a devout Muslim. He said Columbia Records had broken a \$100,000 contract because he insisted they use the name Muhammad Ali. He said he had been guaranteed \$350,000 to fight in Tokyo and \$1 million to fight in Lebanon. He said he is thick with Nasir and Faisal. About serving in the

armed forces, he said, "It's against the teachings of the Holy Koran. I'm not trying to dodge the draft. We are not supposed to take part in no wars unless declared by Allah or by The Messenger [Elijah Muhammad]. Muhammad was a warrior 1,400 years ago but he was a holy warrior fighting in the name of Allah. We don't take part in Christian wars or wars of any unbelievers. We aren't Christian or Communist."

Fascinated, the judge bent forward and asked, "In a conflict between Communism and Christianity, which side would you take?"

"Neither side, Judge," replied Ali.

After Bindini Brown had testified to Ali's sincerity, the champion's party loaded into an airport limousine, went to Hodges' office and then began a cus-

ARND

Somewhat subdued champ, seemingly aware of serious issues involved, leaves induction center



teenary romp through the streets. At Foley's Department Store Ali ate a bowl of vegetable soup and bought a pecan cake and half a dozen oatmeal cookies. A little girl with long hair and a frilly dress, looking very much like the Alice who went to Wonderland, asked Ali for his autograph. "I see you wrestle," the girl said. "She must have seen the Terrell fight," said Ali.

Leaving Foley's, Ali looked up at a new 40-story office building. "See that? Well, that's about as high as a pyramid I saw. It would start way down there in that other block and go up to the top of that building in a perfect point. Now, how they do that?"

"They must have had a hammer and a saw," the reporter said.

Ali chuckled. "I know how," he said. "In Egypt I heard it from a wise old man whose granddaddy told him. It had to do with compression. They'd dig a hole, put a rock on top of it, pump the hole full of air, and *whoosh!* that stone shot right up to the top."

"With the help of 6,000 slaves," Bundini said.

"President Nasser and I saw that pyramid," said Ali, closing the discussion.

The next morning, while Ali was closed off in the examining room at the induction station, three or four whites who had come down from Long Island to work at an Indian reservation in Oklahoma were protesting out front with 11 Negroes, several dressed up in African suits made out of sheets and sandals. It was hardly the mass protest Ali had predicted.

The photographers and reporters, who outnumbered the protesters 10 to 1, immediately demonstrated one basic flaw in modern journalism. They photographed and interviewed all the protesters, thus giving weight to what was a very puny demonstration by—except for one cute girl—a very scraggly-looking bunch. There have been few demonstrations or protests of any sort in Houston—a fact the city is smugly proud of and one that could change suddenly and explosively this summer. "We integrated this city quietly, without any fuss, by agreement, and we have no trouble" is what one hears in Houston.

Wary of watching the protesters, Bundini Brown asked a white friend to go with him across the street to a place called the Brown Derby Lounge. Inside the Brown Derby, the friend asked the

barmaid for two soft drinks. "Señor, we don't serve no colored people," said the barmaid in a Tex-Mex accent that Bundini could not comprehend.

Down the block at the Texas State Hotel, Bundini said, "You got awful peculiar laws in Texas. The white folks serve me here in this hotel, but that Mexican wouldn't. Well, I understand. I got no malice in my heart toward anybody. Neither does the champ. He's got the right medicine for the black man, you know. He loves people. He helps the little people. When he goes up to a wino, that man straightens up. If the champ walked on by, the wino would just get worse, thinking nobody loved him. The champ offers people respect. That's better than just offering love. Love can turn into hate. Respect turns into shame for not doing better or into pride if you do good."

"The champ wants to clean up the black man, to wipe out prostitution and dope addiction, to give the black man respect. So what difference does it make what the champ calls himself? If he wants to call himself Two and say he's a member of the Boop Boop tribe, that's his business. America is supposed to mean freedom, isn't it? What white people can't understand is that the hurtingest thing in the world is to be black and live in a ghetto. If you live in a ghetto, you prove you're a man by throwing bricks. If you're intelligent, they don't respect you for it. They think you're crazy. The champ is trying to teach respect. I'm not a Muslim, but sometimes I talk like one."

In front of the induction center five Negro students were burning their draft cards while a score of others, coming in at noon, marched in a circle carrying placards and a Black Power flag. They sang songs about black nationalism. They chanted, "Keep the faith." They read from the writings of Malcolm X—"Whoever heard of a revolution where they lock arms and sing *We Shall Overcome*?" and, "America is a house on fire. Let it burn, let it burn." They shouted racist clichés "blue-eyed devils," "send them to their graves," "Molotov cocktails," "Black Power," "Whitey's war."

Up on the steps stood G-men wearing red bands in their left lapels and carrying walkie-talkie radios. Morton Susman sat on the steps, his radio muffled in a cardboard folder, looking slightly embarrassed by the squawking. The protesters kept marching in a circle, wait-

ing for Ali to come out, looking for a leader. Ali was inside, eating his box lunch, tossing aside the ham sandwich.

When the moment came, he refused three times to step forward at the call of his name. Navy Lieutenant C. P. Harman called him into his office and warned him he was committing a felony punishable by five years in prison and a fine of \$10,000. Ali then returned to the big room and again refused to answer his name, whereupon he was asked to write, "I refuse to be inducted into the armed forces of the United States." He signed his name, making the refusal official. Susman was notified, though he was hardly surprised. The procedure is for Lieut. Colonel J. E. McKee, commanding officer of the induction station, to notify the Selective Service Board of Texas, which notifies the Kentucky board, which notifies Hershey, who refers the matter to the Justice Department, which hands it back to Susman, who goes before a federal grand jury to request an indictment. That process will require from 30 to 60 days, in Susman's estimate. The government obviously is not anxious to rush Ali off in manacles.

Covington and Hodges have filed further legal actions. Even if a federal court rules that Ali is not a minister of the Muslim faith—which, according to Covington, has been adjudged a religion and not a sect in several decisions—and he is found guilty of violating the Universal Military Training and Service Act, it could be two years or more before Ali enters prison. But he has been prejudged, as he knew he would be, by boxing authorities. "That's what really hurts," said Hodges. "In the law, a man is innocent until he is proven guilty. Muhammad Ali has not even been charged with a crime yet, and they're all leaping in to strip him of his title."

Ali had little to say about it except for a prepared statement. He was under orders from Elijah Muhammad to keep his mouth shut. He went back to the Hotel America and called Herbert Muhammad. Then he curled up on his bed and phoned his mother in Louisville. "Mama," he said, "I'm all right, I did what I had to do. I sure am looking forward to coming home to eat some of your cooking."

END

Back in his hotel room, Ali talks by long-distance telephone with his mother in Louisville.



At the Penn and Drake Relays last weekend, all sorts of runners turned in quarter-mile times just fractions off the world record, but it was Jim Ryun of Kansas who ran two of the most splendid races of all **by GWILYM S. BROWN**

THE RELAYS AND OLD RELIABLE

The relays fever was raging around the country last weekend and, before it cooled, so many young men had turned their fancies to thoughts of running fast that it became a record-breaking time for breaking records. At the 73rd annual Penn Relays in Philadelphia, some 6,000 athletes could hardly wait to get their spikes into Franklin Field's new \$250,000 rubberized track, which proved to be about the plushest, softest, fastest running surface ever devised to provide comfort to a runner's aching legs. The result was 28 new meet records. More important, the weekend unveiled a collection of flashy quarter-milers who are helping to make the 440 look like a schuss down the Matterhorn.

Some noteworthy quarter miles also were turned in at the 58th annual Drake Relays in Des Moines and two of the most impressive were run by Jim Ryun. Each of them completed a sub-four-minute mile and helped his Kansas team to 1) set a world record in the distance medley relay and 2) win the four-mile relay, one of the 17 meet records that were broken at Drake. Ryun celebrated his 20th birthday by cutting a cake in a downtown restaurant Saturday night, but he might also have been celebrating the two fastest miles in the history of the Drake Relays. Ryun ran a 3:59.1 to anchor Kansas in the four-mile relay on Friday and a 3:55.6 to bring his team a 9:33.8 world record in the distance medley on Saturday. It was only the second time that a man has run sub-four-minute miles on consecutive days (England's Alan Simpson did it last August). The sellout crowd of 18,000 on the final day gave Ryun a thunderous ovation as he sprinted the final quarter in 53.9 seconds. As he walked along the track after the race one fan screamed out to him, "We love you, Jim, baby."

On Friday, Ryun had started his mile 60 yards behind Conrad Nightingale of Kansas State and, with only 300 yards left, the margin was still 20 yards. "Conrad ran the first quarter in 58 seconds," said Jim, "so I figured I only had one chance—wait until the last 300 yards and give it everything I had." Ryun caught Nightingale just a few yards from the tape, covering the last lap in 54 seconds.

The next day the crowd was anxious to witness a Ryun miracle. When the young champion grabbed the baton from Kansas teammate Tom Yergovich for his mile in the distance medley (880, 440, 1,320, mile), the buzz in the stands grew to a deafening roar. Ryun almost paused at the start of his run and looked back at the time on Drake's huge scoreboard. "We were close to the record," said Ryun, "so I decided to give it a real try. After a 56.8 first quarter I felt very good, and I knew this was one of those good days."

Which it certainly was. In the last lap he pulled 50, then 60, 70 and finally 100 yards ahead of Georgetown's Bob Ziernski, to get Kansas home two-twentieths of a second under the old world mark.

For years the Penn Relays have produced exciting races, but usually in slow times. By late afternoon of the second day, when the feature races got started, the old cinder track was so thoroughly masticated by 10,000 pairs of spikes it looked like a quarter of a mile of gunpowder. But sloppy tracks at Penn are now a thing of the past. Last summer the University of Pennsylvania, which plays host to the relays, installed a green, eight-lane, Tartan track made by the 3M Company of Minnesota. The track consists of a spongy, rubbery outer layer set down over a solid, firm foundation.

The result is an all-weather surface that drains in minutes and stays fresh and resilient no matter how heavily assaulted by pounding feet. The experience of running on it was cheered by the athletics last week as anything from "floating" to "running on someone's brand new carpet."

"The track is fantastic, it's the greatest," said Dale Benaues of Rice, when the meet was over.

There was no more speculation about the track, however, than there was about what Benaues and his Rice University teammates might do on it. The Owls have a mile-relay team that threatens the world record in that event every time it fondles a baton. It can also field teams that race with the best in the world in the 440- and 880-yard relays. Rice's mile-relay unit consists of a senior, John Moss, and three sophomores, Benaues, a muscular sprinter from Port Arthur, Texas, Mike Casey of Dallas and slender, studious-looking Conley Brown from Houston. "I don't get much respect from them," replied Moss, when asked if he had to put up with much lip from his three younger teammates, "but as long as they run like they do, I just let them say what they want to."

The team trains on a high-calorie-diet, often spaghetti dinners the night before a meet and waffles and pancakes the next morning. It apparently suits them. Rice has already run a 3:06.6 this spring, 2.4 seconds over the world mark, and the quartet had expected to be another second closer at Penn. That the boys did not succeed was due to the fact that they were just too fast—no one could push them. In the final, Brown, all alone with a 30-yard lead, still churned out a 45.3 anchor leg and an overall time for his team of 3:06.9.

As fast as he ran, Brown was only the



As anchor on two relay teams, Jim Ryan ran sub-four-minute miles on consecutive days.

second-fastest quarter-mile in Philadelphia. The very best turned out to be a 19-year-old Negro from New York City, Vincent Matthews, a sophomore at Johnson C. Smith University in Charlotte, N.C. Though handicapped by slow teammates, Matthews was voted the meet's outstanding performer on the basis of an anchor leg that carried his school to the 880-relay title, plus a heroic 44.9 leg that won a consolation mile relay.

"I'd never even heard of him before," said Race's Bernauer, who chased Matthews across the line in the 880 final. "I thought he was just another ranky-dink runner until he took that baton and blasted off."

A lot more will be heard of Matthews this summer—after all, 44.9 is equal to the world record from a stationary start—but last times for 440-yard legs seemed to have come as a guarantee along with the new track. Bernauer chalked up a 45.6 in a mile-relay heat, and Mark Young, a shaggy-haired junior from Yale who runs in a tough, aggressive, most un-Ivy League manner, ran legs of 45.4 and 45.7 while carrying Yale to a victory in its section of the mile relay.

The quarter-milers were out in such force, in fact, that they even overshadowed a courageous performance by Villanova's hard-working Dave Patrick. On Friday he anchored Villanova to a trophy in the distance-medley relay and early Saturday afternoon to another in the four-mile relay, all this with a heavy chest cold he had been carrying all week. It finally hit him as he was about to bring his school a third title, the two-mile relay. As he came out of the final turn of his half-mile anchor leg, his legs suddenly began to wobble.

"I was tying up, but I saw someone in red coming at me from behind," he was able to say about 45 minutes after the race. "The last thing I remember is diving at the finish line."

It was no use. Jack Fath of Fordham just did get there first, by the width of his maroon jersey. But even at that moment Penn's new track proved itself in a totally unexpected way. An hour later Patrick was still suffering from the pain of his maximum effort, but he had only a light welt or two on his back to show for his headlong dive at the finish. In the old days of cinders he would have been torn to shreds, just like the records that fell all weekend long.

END

CHAOS IN THE AMERICAN LEAGUE

Not since the first inning of last year's World Series had a situation been so perfect for the use of "Ole Lightning." The Detroit Tigers were in Baltimore's Memorial Stadium last Friday night to play the world-champion Orioles, and over 20,000 people ignored the cold to go out and watch. The Tigers built a quick two-run lead in the top of the first, and as the Orioles came to bat in the

bottom of the inning the word carried up and down the dugout: "Lightning time! Need a little lightning!"

Ever since the beginning of last season, First Inning Lightning has been Baltimore's trademark—as the Dodgers found out in the first inning of the first game of the World Series. The Orioles' ability to score early and often devastates the opposition and leaves it resem-

bling a man trying to run in four feet of water. Naturally, then, Curt Blefary hit a grand-slam home run in the bottom of the first, the Orioles won and Baltimore fans thrust their chests out with pride, because their team was in first place. Yet it really didn't mean too much. In the wacky first three weeks of the American League pennant race the Orioles, just like everybody else, got a chance to look



Leaping Tim Lincecum of A's gets out of way after tagging Boston's Joe Pay in ninth inning. Baltimore's Andy Etchebarren smothers low pitch

The first three weeks of the season produced a pennant chase as hectic and confusing as any in history, with teams rising and falling in the standings from day to day and sometimes from hour to hour

by WILLIAM LEGGETT

down from first place one day and up from sixth the next. They threw a no-hitter at Detroit on Sunday, for instance, and lost, which seemed normal enough in this wild race.

By last Sunday evening every team in the league, except for Washington and Minnesota, had either led or shared the lead, and at one point the gap between first and sixth was a *thin half game*. The

Boston Red Sox, of all people, played a 15-inning game and won and marched into first themselves, and the city of Boston got so excited that a man maintained that the messages going out from the Old North Church read, "One by Petroselli and two by Conigliaro."

Now the race moves into May, a month that could be critical for the entire American League. This weekend the

Giants go to Tiger Stadium to play Detroit again, and then they meet the White Sox. After that, the Baltimore schedule for the month looks very much like the one the Orioles had last June when they polked away from the league (to cost it thousands in gate receipts when the pennant race disappeared for good in July), and unless the Yankees and Red Sox have truly improved

a victory of



As Tigers' Al Kaline holds up runners, Jake Gibbs of Yankees waits at home plate for ball that is about to hit sliding Bob Rodgers of Angels.



Daring Chicago runner is Don Buford, who dives into first after being caught between bases.



The ball, glancing off Buford as he slides in, bounces past First Basemen Mickey Mantle.



Mantle sprints after ball as Buford quickly rises to his feet, ready to advance to second.

Baltimore could be at things apart again.

It may not happen, of course. Boston looks as if it might be taking baseball seriously under new Manager Dick Williams, who forced the team through a strenuous spring-training period, unhesitatingly benched a few stars and decided to use left-handed pitchers, a practice which his predecessors often failed to do either because they did not have good ones or because they were afraid to expose what good ones they did have to the short green fence in Fenway Park. The Yankees are looking livelier. Instead of worrying about a set lineup, Manager Ralph Houk has been using almost every player in the roster to fill defensive gaps, while trying to get the most out of Mickey Mantle and what little other offensive thrust he has. Good showings by Whitey Ford and Al Downing have been encouraging, because the Yankees were woefully weak in left-handed pitching the last two seasons.

So let us watch as the Orioles try to untangle themselves from the Red Sox and the Yankees. (They should have little trouble with Washington, which does not seem to be improved at all except when the Senators play Minnesota. Another discouraging note is at Cleveland, where the Indians, despite fine pitching, are having problems at the gate again. After an Opening Day crowd of 26,000, Cleveland attracted only 9,000 for a Sunday doubleheader and averaged 4,450 for its other games. The weather was hardly good, but, even so, 4,450 looks like the perfect average attendance needed to send a franchise someplace else.)

May is going to be very important for the Kansas City Athletics, too, as they try to prove that they belong in the first division. Kansas City spends most of the month, 20 games worth, at home, and the A's are supposed to be able to win at home because the high, distant outfield fences give solace and confidence to Manager Alvin Dark's young pitching staff. And California plays two-thirds of its games at home in May. In April, playing two-thirds of their games away, the Angels flew up into first place themselves for a time. The Twins, so promising before the season and so dismal since then, must rally in May if they are to rally at all—since they have no games with Baltimore and Detroit, though they do have five with the White Sox.

That may be the rub. For, of all the

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teams currently involved in the hot American League race, Chicago is the one for whom the month of May could be most critical. The White Sox have got to use the month to their advantage, a thing they certainly did not do last year when the club tumbled into Sink City. That terrible month destroyed Chicago's season, and the team failed to draw a million people to Comiskey Park for the second time in 16 years.

A year ago at this time the White Sox looked like the genuine contenders everyone expected them to be. The team had rolled through spring training with the best record in the majors and had been particularly impressive in exhibitions against American League teams, winning 10 of 11 games. Although Cleveland and Baltimore had both jumped off to spectacular starts, the Sox also played excellently and entered May only 2½ games out of first place. Then everything went bad. Facing a brutal schedule, including games against Baltimore, Cleveland, Minnesota, Detroit, Boston and their old nemesis, the Yankees, Chicago won only nine of 27 games and tumbled to seventh place. Though the schedule is just as tough this May, the White Sox say things will be different.

Had a casual baseball fan been asked last year to name the key players for the White Sox, he would have said Pete Ward, Gary Peters, Ron Hansen, Floyd Robinson, Hoyt Wilhelm, Smokey Burgess. Well, the Sox did not have Wilhelm at all in May, because he was out with a broken finger. Hansen stepped on a baseball, got a ruptured disk and was gone for the entire season. Ward suffered a hernia. Peters strained a muscle in his pitching arm. Floyd Robinson, who had batted .408 in April, hit a ball off his foot, and that was about the last thing he hit all year. Burgess, the fine pinch hitter, went 0 for 11, and John Romano, the catcher who was supposed to drive in runs, was out with the flu. Stretched over a full season, those injuries would have been enough to knock any contender out of a pennant race, and Chicago had them all in May.

The White Sox had to struggle to finish fourth, even though only Minnesota had a better record after the middle of the season. Yet, despite everything, Manager Eddie Stanky built a spectacular running attack that tripled Chicago's stolen-base total from the year before. The pennant-winning Go-Go Sox of



Graceful tandem of Tommie Agee and Ken Berry bring in from outfield at the end of an inning.

1959 stole 113 bases, but the Go-Go Sox of 1966 got 153; two players, Rookie of the Year Tommie Agee and Don Buford, accounted for 95 of those. This year the Sox are stealing bases again, and now Hansen is back in good health. Ward is driving in runs and Peters is pitching beautifully. This time the White Sox seem ready for May.

Among Stanky's big blowings is a pair of young outfielders who have been absolutely spectacular. It is vital for the White Sox to have good outfielders because of the size of Comiskey Park. In Agee and Ken Berry (see cover) they have two youngsters who can gallop into the gaps to snuff sure doubles and triples into their gloves. Agee, 24, surpassed virtually every one of his minor league figures when he reached the majors and Chicago got him in a complicated three-cornered trade with Kansas City and Cleveland before the 1965 season. During his first spring training with the Sox, Agee struck out 10 straight times, but Al Lopez, who was then managing, and General Manager Ed Short were impressed by his speed, the great catches he made and the way he resembled Willie Mays when he ran out from under his

cap. They also thought they had a regular center fielder in Berry, a year older and a rookie himself. But, as the team came north from Florida, the problem of having two center fielders disappeared in the dust of Clark Griffith Park in Charlotte, N.C., when Agee slid headlong into a catcher and broke his hand for the third time in four years. Reluctantly, the White Sox sent him down to Indianapolis, where Agee hit only .226.

Berry showed that he could play center field extremely well, but he did not hit, in 157 games with the White Sox he batted only .218. "He's a fine outfielder," Mayo Smith, then a scout for the Yankees, had said in the spring, "but he can be pitched to. The pitchers can get him out by keeping everything on the outside of the plate."

So, in spring training of 1966, Agee shrugged off that minor league batting average and took over the center-field job. Berry, instead of sitting on the bench brooding, took an intense interest in watching the little things in the game. "What he went through," says Coach Kerby Farrell, "must have been discouraging, but he kept rooting for Agee from the bench. His whole attitude was tre-

Richard L.



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mendous." Early in the year Stanky used Berry mostly for defense, and he did not get a chance to start regularly until the season was almost a third over. Agee stayed in center, and Berry shifted between left and right depending on the ball park, and that's what they still do. "I do not believe that if a man is a good right fielder he must play right field all the time," Stanky says. "Berry is our best right fielder, but in Yankee Stadium I like to use him in left sometimes, because that's the tough field there. Either way, it's a thrill to watch Berry and Agee play in the outfield together, because both of them can catch balls that other outfielders wouldn't get close to."

Playing regularly, Berry learned to hit pitches on the outside of the plate, and his average rose to .271, second to Agee on the team. He also became a good hit-and-run man and a sound base runner. This spring Pete Ward said of Berry, "If I had to bet on a dark horse to win the batting championship, it would be Ken. That's how much he improved last year." Last week Berry was hitting .352.

As for Agee, he led the Sox in batting average (.273), RBIs (86), homers (22), triples, doubles, runs scored, times hit by pitcher, slugging percentage, total bases and torn sweat shirts and was second to Buford in stolen bases. He says, "Even though my statistics in the minors were not great, I knew that I could play in the major leagues. I knew that when the time came I'd be able to put everything together. I prefer to play center field because when the ball comes off the bat I can just go and get it. I don't have to worry so much about running into fences."

Some Chicago fans worry about Agee and Berry running into each other, but they work together smoothly in the outfield. They are usually close to one another in the batting order, too. One or the other of them always seems to be on base, which is good, since Berry and Agee are going to have to play vital roles for the White Sox this month if the team is to come out of May in pennant shape. Beyond Baltimore, Minnesota and Detroit there are eight games with Bill Rigney's California Angels, and that should be interesting. The other day Stanky said, "There are nice-guy managers, serious managers and television managers. The serious managers are like Alvin Dark and me. The television managers are guys like Bill Rigney."

Should be very interesting. **END**



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THE KENTUCKY DERBY

PAINTINGS BY PAUL DAVIS

"Churchill Downs is like a county fair back home," says Oklahoma-born Paul Davis. "Only it's more supercharged. Racing at Saratoga is elegant, almost exclusive. At Churchill Downs there's much more happening. It's like a circus." Davis, one of today's rising young painters, went to Louisville for *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* last May to record the impressions that appear on the following pages. "A week before the Derby," he recalls, "people start pouring into the city from all over the country—movie stars, politicians, college students, cowboys, gamblers. There's one guy I seem to see at every track I've been to—in a cowboy hat and a big tie (below). He's one of a hard-core group you find at Aqueduct, Santa Anita, anywhere. They're serious gamblers, horse gamblers. They don't bet on anything else. Other people in Louisville can't seem to stop gambling. At every party there are card games or other things to bet on. That's one of the fascinating aspects of the week, all the gambling. You don't have to join in to enjoy it, but it's more fun if you do. At the track, there are always lots of girls around, just standing there, self-conscious, waiting to be seen, like this one (opposite). She said she was a movie starlet, and she was disappointed that nobody recognized her. Outside the

jockeys' room there are always beautiful girls standing around, too. Beautiful and blonde and always tall. The reason for the dark colors I've used is that when you come in out of the bright sun to the betting windows under the grandstand it is dark. Actually, I can't say why I use certain colors. It's just a feeling. I can't explain it. There's no time to sketch all this, of course. I work with a camera and color film. That way I can put myself where I want to be. Later I organize the pictures and compose the ideas for the paintings. Not right away—I like to let the ideas sift through. I painted the big scene (pages 38 and 39) in the form of a scroll, trying to show how at the same time

that you're looking at the picture you're rolling it up—that's how fast the Derby is over with. All week long it's been building up, and then it's all over in two minutes. On Derby Day people start arriving in early morning. Soon most of them are so crowded together they can't even see the track, and only a few can tell which horse wins. It's an astounding sight. Before the Derby the band plays *My Old Kentucky Home* and everybody stands up and sings. Then they all rush back to place a few more bets. Two minutes and it's all over. The end of the rainbow (page 40) for some. The happy ending."











A TIME FOR LOOKING BACK

When members of the patient Churchill Downs staff get around to picking up the bodies and sweeping up the shattered mint-julep tumblers this Saturday evening, the chances are that they will pause and wearily note, "Well, that was Damascus' Derby." On his record, Damascus will certainly go to the post as the favorite. And when he steps out on the Downs strip under colors, his presence will evoke a sweep of memories among knowing spectators.

It was 37 years ago that Belair Stud's red-dotted white silks first appeared on Derby Day. Before the day was over, Jockey Earle Sande had won the 56th Kentucky Derby on Gallant Fox, who went on to triumph in both the Preakness and the Belmont Stakes. Seven more times Belair was represented in the Derby, and twice more Belair was with Omaha in 1935 and Johnstown in 1939.

Twelve years ago this week, the colors appeared in one of the most memorable of all Derbies. Back for a last try for the William Woodward family came venerable old Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, and with him Jockey Eddie Arcaro, aboard the hero of the East, temperamental but talented Nashua. Sunny Jim and Arcaro figured that the horse they had to beat was Summer Tan. It was not until the turn for home—with Nashua running second and Summer Tan third—that they and everyone else realized that the leader, an underrated chestnut from California with the incongruous name of Swaps, was in front to stay. Arcaro and Mr. Fitz, masters of their respective trades, had been fairly whipped by an upcoming group of horsemen—Jockey Bill Shoemaker and the owner-

trainer team of cowboys Rex Ellsworth and Mesh Tenney.

Before their racing careers ended, Nashua and Swaps did more to popularize racing in the U.S. than any other Thoroughbreds since Native Dancer. After their famous match race, which was won by Nashua, Sunny Jim felt—he did so to his dying day—that he, Arcaro and Nashua had vindicated the Belair colors by beating the upstart Westerners.

This week, with no Ellsworth horse in the Derby and with Arcaro a member of the CBS television team, the white-and-red-dot silks will, ironically, be worn by Shoemaker, who will be trying to win his fourth Derby with Damascus. Gone are both William Woodward, senior and junior. With taciturn, coolly professional Frank Whiteley training in the place of Mr. Fitz, the Belair silks now run in the name of the elder Woodward's daughter, Edith Bancroft, whose husband Tom is a New York textile-manufacturing executive. Mrs. Bancroft has been a lover of horses all her life, but she will be obliged to watch this Derby on television (with the aid of Eddie Arcaro) because of illness.

There are other ironies in this 93rd Derby. For example, Damascus' sire is Sword Dancer, when Shoemaker won his second Derby in 1959 he was on Tommy Lee, who beat Sword Dancer by a nose. The blood of Nashua is here, too—in his son, Diplomat Way, who won last week's Blue Grass Stakes at Keeneland. Finally, just as Nashua carried the hopes of the East against Swaps, Damascus faces another powerful western invader in Ruken. He gave indications of brilliance at Santa Anita and has acquired an army of new fans since moving to Kentucky and winning the Spendthrift. Ruken is owned by Pasadena Horseman Lou Rowan (except for a quarter share that belongs to Manneapolis Investment Banker Wheelock Whitney), trained by Clyde Turk and ridden by Fernando Alvarez.

No horse is a sure Derby bet, but Damascus' finishing power in the Wood Memorial stands out as the best example of late running seen this spring. That is what is required in the Derby, more than in any of the mile-and-an-eighth tests that precede this classic. Diplomat Way

looked good enough in winning the Blue Grass, but he has been inconsistent for most of his career. At Keeneland he and Jockey John Sellers had the lead to themselves, and they set a slow pace in order to assure a respectable finish. But in the Derby they are not going to control the pace. Some horse is surely going to run a lightning three quarters, and it is not likely that Diplomat Way will enjoy extending himself after that. Like his sire, Nashua, this colt can be guilty of using his head too much. Second to Diplomat Way in the Blue Grass was John Galbreath's Proud Clarion, who may be the sleeper of the whole lot. Victory would be the sweetest satisfaction for his trainer, Loyd (Boo) Gentry, after Boo's misfortunes with Graustark a year ago. Third was Gentleman James, who might be one of those who runs late but not well enough. Fourth-finishing Successor had an excuse—a poor start. But how many sons of Bold Ruler, for all the terror they inspire in sprints, relish 10 furlongs?

In last week's Stepping Stone at Churchill Downs, Ruken was clearly the class, coming from fourth to the field of six to win, pulling away, by two and a half lengths. After this seven-furlong prep he continued on to a mile and an eighth in 1:51.15. It was a good show. Dr. Isby closed well to be second, while Calumet Farm's Bakouf took third. Others who are likely to get to the Derby post this week include Cool Reception, Ask The Fare, Dawn Glory, Lightning Orphan, Field Master and Parace Jacobs' Reason to Hail. Only the last has a chance against Damascus or Ruken.

Picking Derby winners may be a risky business, but it is part of the Derby tradition. Odds and hunches are always in the air. Last week, for example, on his first day at Churchill Downs since he came from California in 1958 to watch Silky Sullivan, Lou Rowan was all smiles as he said, "Well, I've got my omen. On the way here my plane stopped at Nashville, and that's the name of Ruken's sire." If that's the way Lou Rowan wants to play, on my first day in Kentucky this year the car-rental people turned over a new car to me. It didn't have any dots, but it was red and white.

—WHITNEY TOWER

HIS MAJESTY, THE LEADFOOT

A thoroughly modern sportsman-monarch, King Hussein of Jordan hopes to lead backward elements of his country into the present by the force of his example. The King's athletic range is unusually wide, and his skills are impressive

by VIRGINIA KRAFT

Shimmering in the noon sun, the road twisted downward in tight little arcs, disappearing behind a stand of frothy shrub, reappearing again along the rim of a rocky precipice and then vanishing from sight in the canyon far below. Beyond stretched the great green Rift Valley. A light breeze blew through the open-sided tent in which I sat high on a mountain in the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan. The wind lifted swirls of sand from beneath thick Persian carpets and ruffled the flowing Arab headdresses of the guards who stood along the flag-lined road. In the intermission between the fifth and sixth events of the Royal Jordanian Automobile Club's second annual hill climb, an orchestra in scar-

let-and-black uniforms played a Rodgers and Hart medley. A soldier kept rhythm with his fingers on the barrel of a machine gun tucked beneath his arm. Suddenly the voice of the race announcer interrupted the music.

"The next event," he said, "is for Grand Touring and sports cars from 1,601 to 2,000 cc. The first car in this event is No. 51. Car No. 51 will be driven by His Majesty, King Hussein."

I had traveled 10,000 miles to observe the legendary "boy king" who, since assuming the throne in 1953 at the age of 18, had survived five assassination attempts and countless other plots against his life, had confounded political skeptics by retaining his crown and, indeed,

had made Jordan one of the most powerful and influential countries in the Middle East.

Hussein also had become the world's most visible royal sportsman, a lover of fast cars, fast planes, any fast action; not merely an accomplished athlete but a daredevil who sought out danger, who swam, scuba-dived, water-skied and raced Arabian stallions across the desert, jets across the skies and everything from Go Karts to motorcycles around the tracks. It was this aspect of the King that had brought me to Jordan for a firsthand look, and I was not disappointed in what I saw.

When I met Hussein earlier he was preparing his Porsche 911 sports car for the hill climb. He exorcised himself from beneath the hood and wiped the grease from his hands. "Welcome to Jordan," he said, taking my hand in his. "I hope you will enjoy my country as much as I have enjoyed yours."

Hussein's build was powerful and muscular, his shoulders broad, his back straight. His black hair, cropped short, was flecked with gray. In the fashion of most Middle Eastern men, he wore a mustache.

Now from the tent on the mountain-top one could see a tiny silver bullet, Car No. 51, on the narrow road. The car slid around a curve, disappeared behind a stand of pine trees, rocketed out the other side and into another curve. It

THE MANY ROLES OF JORDAN'S ATHLETIC KING



took the turn at maximum speed, clearing a guardrail by inches. The noise of the engine grew louder as the Porsche neared the end of the course. Hussein downshifted into the last tight hairpin. One car had already cracked up there, and several more had come close.

Car 51 took the hairpin wide, hugging the outside to midturn, then slamming across the corner with a screech of tires. It skidded sideways and picked up speed again as it came out of the turn onto the straightaway. With a last burst of power it roared across the finish line. Hussein had made the top speed of the morning.

The Porsche came to a stop at the grandstand. Suddenly the roadway was filled with people, until car and driver were surrounded by a cheering, clapping mob. People reached out to touch the white shirt, the brown arm.

"The customs of centuries change slowly," Hussein commented later. "One does not persuade a man to abandon his donkey by telling him that wheels are better. One shows him. Races such as these give prestige to driving and new heroes to the villages. The Automobile Club is now teaching thousands of youngsters to drive. They will work hard to have cars of their own someday. More cars mean more roads. More roads mean more tourists, cheaper trucking, better communications, closer unification of the country.

"Statesmen alone do not set the pattern of progress. In a young country such as ours the sportsman's role can be a major one."

Several years ago the Jordanian air force was having trouble interesting young men in flying. The King decided that if he learned to fly, others might, too. In the course of learning, he motivated many young Jordanians to fly with him. Today Jordan's air force has more applicants than it can handle, and this spring a royal flying club was formed to teach civilian aviation. At its first meeting 150 prospective pilots showed up, almost half of them women—an astonishing occurrence in the Moslem world.

Encouraged by the success of his flying programs, Hussein decided to try a similar approach with horses. In this he had the aid and encouragement of his British-born wife, who is known as Princess Muna.

"Although everyone associates Arabian horses with the Middle East, pure Arabians are very rare here," she said one day as we inspected the royal stables. "Many other strains have interbred with the Arabian, and records of bloodlines have been badly kept. Even authentic breeder cannot be entirely certain that his Arabians are pure. But His Majesty is changing this. His goal is to make Jordan the breeding center of the purest, finest, most beautiful Arabian horses in the world."

Sweeping her arm past streamlined stalls and neatly fenced paddocks to rolling, clover-filled meadows and thick groves of banana trees, Muna continued, "We started four years ago with 20 horses. Now we have more than 100, and we shall have twice that number next year. Already we have received inquiries from buyers in Europe and America, which pleases His Majesty very much."

What pleases His Majesty most is the enthusiasm with which Jordanians have accepted his advancement of water sports. As recently as five years ago women in Jordan rarely swam at all, and never in the presence of men. Today most of the country's young, educated women boast a beach bag of bikinis. In the capital city of Amman, the Jordan Intercontinental hotel opened its large outdoor pool to local residents two years ago on a membership basis. Nobody expected many swimmers, but the response was heavy and membership this season had to be cut off at 500 families. Pools are now turning up at private homes, schools and clubs.

Swimming has become such a status symbol these days that people are even taking dips in the Dead Sea, which most Arabs swore off centuries ago. Its water is 25% salt, as compared with 3.5% in the ocean, is not drinkable, supports no fish life and its remarkable buoyancy makes swimming impossible.



Hussein's enthusiasms include motorcycling, sky diving, riding (and improving the Arab breed), surfing, fishing in the Red Sea (thereby attracting tourist anglers) and piloting jet planes.

None of these things has changed, but Jordan's attitude toward the Dead Sea has. By the use of clever resort promotion, borrowed from some of Hussein's favorite Mediterranean haunts, the very characteristics that once turned away the Arabs are now pulling in the tourists—and tourists are what Jordan is most interested in today.

During my visit the new, air-conditioned Dead Sea Hotel on the north shore was jammed with German, Austrian, English, Italian and French tourists, not to mention quite a few Jordanians. The sea was as salty as ever, but that kept nobody out of it. I gave it a try, and after a few minutes in the water felt a strange prickling sensation on my arms. My skin seemed to be covered with an invisible residue that was both oily and gritty. I found it impossible to submerge. When I got my shoulders under, my legs popped up. When I got one arm under, the other arms popped up. Floating on my back gave me the eerie sensation of resting upon an invisible air mattress just beneath the surface. I cannot say that I swam in the Dead Sea, but it was some of the most interesting nonswimming I have ever done.

"To really swim," Hussein said, "you must come to Aqaba."

Modern Aqaba, the center of water sports in Jordan, is a 19-mile strip of palm-fringed coast on the northeastern arm of the Red Sea. It is almost entirely Hussein's brainchild. Until recently the trip down from Amman was brutal. The decrepit Hqaz railway faltered and died in the desert long before it reached the sea. The only other route was the old Kings Highway, a tortuous trail across desert and mountain that left the traveler too weary to do more than contemplate the horrors of the return trip.

First Hussein made Aqaba accessible by building a 220-mile superhighway between Amman and Aqaba, cutting the normal driving time from 16 hours to under five. The King himself makes it in three hours.

When I made the trip my driver used a somewhat lighter foot on the gas pedal. It was dark when we came down out of the mountains to the sea. In the distance hundreds of lights from the Israeli city of Eilat twinkled beyond the no man's land between the two countries.

At the water's edge we stopped at a long, low stucco-and-stone ranch house. The driver motioned me to wait as he

disappeared into a small courtyard. In minutes he was back, followed by a boy who unloaded my bags and nudged me toward the first of several small buildings on the sandy beach.

The buildings were also of stone and stucco, with the sleek styling of Miami Beach hotel units, the kind that rent for \$150 a day in season.

It was almost 9 o'clock and I had no idea whether dinner had been served, was yet to be served or even if I was expected for it. I walked across the sand to the main house, which was one of Hussein's royal palaces. There was no moon. The other cottages were dark and empty. Most of the main house was in shadow, but from the far end a triangle of light cast a golden wedge upon the sand. As I walked nearer I could hear voices and laughter. I rounded a wall into the midst of a swinging party.

A good-looking blonde was Indian-wrestling a sloop-eyed Egyptian in one corner. Nearby, a brunette who could barely see through a fringe of artificial eyelashes was playing matador to a muscular Ferdinand. Several people were mowing darts at a board on one of the side walls. A Nancy Sinatra record was playing.

Princess Muna disengaged herself from the dart game. She was wearing dungarees and sipping beer from a mug that was decorated with the picture of a scuba diver.

"His Majesty has not arrived yet," she said after greeting me. "We are expecting him any moment. Wouldn't you like to change into something more comfortable before dinner?"

The women, including Muna's mother, were in slacks. Except for Princess Basma, King Hussein's 15-year-old sister, who was home on vacation from Benenden in England, they were all non-Jordanian. Paity Chamosan, the pretty blonde daughter-in-law of the former president of Lebanon, was Australian. Eyelashes was American. The wife of Prince Radd, the King's cousin and first chamberlain, was Swedish. Princess Muna's lady-in-waiting, another cousin of Hussein's, was an Iraqi princess, exiled from her country since the 1958 revolution. Muna and her mother were solely English.

It was 11 when Hussein arrived, looking very much like a work-weary commuter after a late train ride. His rumpled shirt was open at the collar and his

tie was askew. He tossed his jacket on the back of a chair and kissed Muna lightly on both cheeks.

"There is time for one game before dinner," he said, rolling up his shirt sleeves and selecting a set of darts. A servant brought him a beer. "That's what I need," he said. "Now let's toss to see who shoots first." He lost the toss but won the game easily.

Dinner was as informal as the preliminaries. The fare at this and all meals was predominantly Continental. It was served family style from overflowing platters set on the long dining room table. His Majesty ate very little, picking at a small piece of chicken and a scant spoonful of rice, but he drank endless cups of tea served in small glasses and sweetened to the consistency of syrup. Twice he left the table briefly to add records to the stereo. The tunes were all the latest hits.

"The top 10 songs reach Jordan faster than any country outside England," former U.S. Ambassador Robert Barnes told me. "The best collection in the Middle East is in the royal palace in Amman." The second best collection evidently is in the royal palace at Aqaba.

"Everything at Aqaba is informal," Hussein said as we sat under a thatched sunshade on the beach the next afternoon. It was a perfect day. The sun was hot but the wind blowing across the blue water was cool and refreshing. We had been water skiing all morning, taking turns behind the boat as His Majesty raced it back and forth along the shore. When it was my turn, I hesitated. I had been on skis only twice, 10 years before.

"Come on," the King said, turning the wheel over to Prince Radd. "I shall be your teacher." He adjusted the foot harness on one of the several pairs of skis in the bottom of the boat, tossed them and another pair over the side and jumped in after them. I followed. We bobbed side by side in the water while His Majesty separated the skis and showed me how to put my feet in them.

"Now let the tips come out of the water and sit back on the skis," he said, giving me one of the two ropes that had been thrown from the boat. "Keep your arms straight and let the boat pull you up. Do not try to get up yourself." I was rolling from side to side almost as badly as in the Dead Sea.

"You are doing fine," Hussein said,

"Just relax and lean back. It is really very easy. Ready?" He called to Radd and the boat started up. I felt the rope tighten. The pressure pulled me forward for an instant.

"Back, back," Hussein said. "Let the rope do the work. Do not pull on it." I recovered position, and the boat picked up speed. My skis came up on the water, sending a fistful of spray behind me.

"Arms straight, that's right," the King shouted over the engine noise. "Very good." He was already up on his skis. I was still crouched on mine. He moved in so that our skis were almost touching, then put his hand under my elbow.

"Now, without bending your arms or leaning forward," he said, "straighten your legs so that you are standing up."

Surprisingly, I did it. I had forgotten how much fun it was, how invigorating had been the sensation of skimming over the surface in a spray of wake and foam. "Nothing to it," His Majesty grinned. "Soon you will be an expert."

There was no question that he was not that he was thoroughly enjoying the sport. He was also an excellent teacher. He showed me how to control direction and speed, how to make turns and how to cross in and out over the wake. We made half a dozen runs, paralleling the shore for several miles on each. We skied past sheltered coves where tiny, lateen-rigged fishing boats rocked on the water, past tankers loading and unloading at the docks, past long stretches of sparkling sand beaches and stands of dark green date palms. Each time we passed the new resort hotel two miles south of the palace, sunbathers waved in greeting. The King called to Radd. The boat headed toward shore, turning finally in a wide circle.

"Let the rope go," Hussein shouted. He discarded his and I did the same. We skimmed toward shore, propelled only by our own momentum, until we lost speed and our skis sank slowly beneath the surface. We came to a stop in the middle of a group of bathers and the King shook hands with all of them. He obviously enjoyed the encounter and seemed completely unmindful of the security risks involved.

"Four years ago there was nothing here but a few fishing huts," Hussein said. "Everything you see—the docks, the resort, the city itself, is new. This is

continued



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hooks were embedded in their bodies. They looked exactly like the mackerel I had baited marlin with in the Bahamas.

All three had been hit by fish. One was severed smoothly in the center. Its rear half was gone. The other two had sharp, clean breaks as if they had been sliced with a razor. There were no jagged edges or ridges such as would be made by the teeth of a wahoo or barracuda. There was a strong possibility they had been made by billfish. With new baits and proper rigs, we might have a chance of hooking one.

Eager to try, Hussein started gathering gear in a shed on the palace grounds. Surfboards and water skis lined one wall. Outboard motors and a boat engine took up another. Rods and reels were stacked in one corner alongside oars, paddles, gaffs and various other poles. There were cardboard boxes of wires, leaders, lures, hooks and sinkers. The place looked like the stockroom of L. L. Bean.

We poked through boxes and bags of equipment, selecting what we thought we might need. Then we returned to the dining room and spread the materials on the table. With a needle, nylon thread and a pair of pliers, I began sewing up the rents in two of the three artificial fish. If they worked once, they might work again.

Surprisingly, the makeshift repair held up under several strikes on subsequent days but did not, alas, put a billfish in our boat. Nevertheless, I am sure that there are big fish at Aqaba, fish that will be caught when someone goes after them scientifically and systematically.

In the matter of hunting, Hussein's goal is different; it is not to exploit a new sport but to protect an ancient one. Unfortunately, in Jordan and in most of the Middle East, the Arab has for generations considered any creature that moved fair game—he it songbird or baby antelope. Occasionally he killed for food. More often he killed simply to kill. In the early days of his reign, Hussein added his own royal refinement to the "sport". He used a helicopter, firing from the craft as it hovered low over a herd of gazelles.

Several years ago there was a picture in these pages of a smiling, triumphant Hussein returning from the chase with several carcasses dangling beneath his helicopter.

"His Majesty's attitude toward game
continued



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HUSSEIN OF JORDAN *continued*

and hunting has matured considerably since then," one of his intimates said. "It is hard to believe that he could actually have taken part in such activity."

Hussein is now wary of any publicity about his hunting, but he still enjoys the more conventional modes of shooting. One of my most pleasant days as his guest was spent hunting quail in the wheat fields of the upper Jordan Valley. The quail were legally in season, and the shooting was strictly regulated by law.

Such laws were established only last year, when Hussein organized a royal hunting club specifically to formulate and enforce them. Indiscriminate shooting of birds and animals is now outlawed. All hunters are required to have licenses, with the fees set aside for replenishing wildlife and habitat. All game is protected, either entirely or where populations warrant, as in the case of the quail we hunted, by sensible season and bag limits.

While this program cannot undo the damage of generations, it has provided the impetus for a broad-scale conservation project that is unique in the Middle East. As part of the program the King recently set aside three vast areas as national parks, and they are well worth visiting. With Hussein as tour guide they were fascinating.

Azraq, 70 miles east of the capital, is a wet, green, palm-filled oasis in the center of 1,500 square miles of barren rock desert, where thousands of mallards, pintails and teal winter and where more than 200 species of birds make their home. Petra is an incredible city of stone, where one can prow through caves and castles cut into the rock or sift through eroded mounds of sandstone for the bits and pieces of ancient pottery that are everywhere. Wadi Rum is a starkly beautiful, surrealistic sandstone landscape where the Bedouin tribes still pitch their long, black tents and race their camels on the desert floor.

"It is important to Jordan that we preserve these deserts and what remains of our wildlife," Hussein said, "but it is important also that we preserve the traditions of the desert people. This, too, comes within the meaning of conservation."

"The ways of the desert will vanish as swiftly as the gazelles if we do not take measures to protect them as we now protect our game."

END

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On the Sunday afternoons he spends in Claremont, Calif., at his parents' home, **Bob Seagren**, the U.S. pole-vault champion, usually skateboards with his brother (SI, Feb. 20) on the six-mile concrete wall that runs down the side of Mount Baldy. Three weeks ago Seagren was doing a handstand on a skateboard at 30 mph when he lost control, and in the crash landing that followed he tore some muscles in his right shoulder. The following Saturday at the USC-Stanford meet he tried using cortisone to kill the pain but felt while practicing and hurt the shoulder again. Against Oregon last weekend Seagren took only one jump—15 feet 6 inches—but it was good enough to win.

The British royal family, long entertained by horses, last week invited one to the palace: St. James's, that is, not Buckingham. The purpose of the party, which honored the Grand National winner **Foinavon**, was to publicize a new race meeting to be held at Ascot next September for the benefit of cancer research. Three hundred guests, including the Duchess of Kent,

the Duke of Devonshire and the Earl of Halifax, attended. With his royal entrée to society now established, Foinavon will make the rounds of pony shows and carnivals, drumming up interest in the charity meeting. He will be accompanied, as he was at the palace (*below*), by jockey John Buckingham, his trainer, John Kempton (in hat) and his pet nanny goat.

Like so many big-league baseball players, **Charlie Brown** and **Lucy** are taking up golf, not in the comic strip *Peanuts* but in the privacy of San Francisco's Lake Merced Golf & Country Club. The Charlie Brown-Lucy Tournament, to be held June 8 for the benefit of the visually handicapped, is open to husbands and wives who are willing to put up the \$50 entry fee per person—and put up with each other's golf. The creator of Charlie Brown, cartoonist **Charles Schulz**, a five-handicapper with a backyard par-3 course of his own, says Lucy was a good golfer in the early days of the comic strip. "She was actually winning a women's tournament," he recalls, "when she had to go

home to take her afternoon nap. Lucy had enough worries without golf. I decided she and Charlie Brown would suffer with baseball. I suffer with golf."

Also hooked on golf, but at considerably greater expense, is **Dean Martin**, who is heading a group that is building a \$15 million private club in a canyon near Beverly Hills. "When we finish the job," says Golf Architect **Robert Trent Jones**, who has piled up almost as much money as dirt in his career, "we will be out of business. People will know we are too expensive." The floor of the canyon must be lifted and some 270 million cubic feet of earth shifted to make the 7,000-yard course. There will be four duplicate par-3 holes to eliminate delays on short holes and moving sidewalks for those among the club's swinging membership who tire easily.

It is 48 years since **Avery Brundage** competed in track and field events, but the 79-year-old head of the Olympics agreed to don shorts and jersey at an amateur Rugby match last week in Paris, and demonstrated his athletic prowess. He threw the discus 48 feet and worked out on the cinder track. Then he tried kicking a Rugby ball. "It's the first time I've ever touched one," he said. "I think it is a little late for me to start playing Rugby."

A marathon high-stakes poker game, which was played nightly for four months on the set of *Casino Royale*, had a cast that included rival James Bonds—**Woody Allen** and **Sean Connery**—**Yves Montand**, **Lee Marvin**, **William Saroyan** and **Sidney Porter**. Keeping a poker face, Allen, whose the losers have identified as a nonloser, estimates that an average pot was \$500. "We played with English pounds," says the comedian, "and it wasn't always easy to figure." He did, however, admit to buying several English suits with his winnings. How many?

"Oh, you know how it is," he says, "you go to a tailor and you say 'I'll take this, I'll take that.' I really didn't stop to count."

Twelve years ago, after making the memorable catch that saved



the World Series for Brooklyn, a jubilant **Sandy Amoros** (*above*) said, "Lucky, lucky, I'm so lucky." Since then, Sandy has been anything but lucky. Last Thursday he arrived in Miami on a Freedom Flight from Cuba. He was penniless, bald and 30 pounds lighter than when he played for Brooklyn. On a trip to Havana in 1962 to visit his wife and daughter, he was detained by the Cuban government and Castro drew up a contract for Amoros to manage Cuba's national baseball team. The outfielder refused. "I told them 'no' and that got them mad," he says. "They would not let me leave." His \$30,000 ranch and his car were confiscated, and he could not get a job. "But I am here now, and that is good," said Sandy on his arrival in Miami. "Maybe I'll try baseball again."

Chris Chataway, who paced Roger Bannister to the first sub-four-minute mile, is a pacemaker again—this time in education. "Named Leader of the Inner London Education Authority, he will supervise the curriculum of London schools. I am opposed to the application of rigid dogma and to the imposition of uniformity," he says.



The waiting made it sweeter

Alex Hannum and Wilt Chamberlain began to build toward an NBA title nearly four years ago. They finally won it, with a different team

Late in the sixth game at the Cow Palace, with San Francisco moving along seven, 10 and then 12 points in front of Philadelphia, the chill sunrise grew. Wilt Chamberlain never would be a winner. He and his 76ers had dethroned the Celtics, but they were falling apart before the Warriors. The day before, back home, the 76ers had shot 3 for 17 in the last quarter and lost the ball nine times, to blow a 97-84 lead, lose disgracefully and be forced to go west again, ahead 3-2. And now they were far behind. A win and a tied series and the Warriors would come east for the final game with momentum and youth in their favor. It was as if Philadelphia merely had been assigned the task of shepherding the championship from one dynasty to a team that would start another.

And then late in the third period, relying on their relentless power, the 76ers began to come back. They were still behind 106-102 early in the fourth quarter when a rookie named Matt Guokas, who had been 10th man on a 10-man squad for much of the season, took a quick pass off a rebound from Wilt and threw in a 20-footer. Seconds later Guokas had the ball on a break, driving alone at Nate Thurmond, the man who is the only heir to Chamberlain and Bill Russell. With an effort that ended the season for him, Guokas blitzed Thurmond, flipped in an amazing layup over, under, past or through Thurmond, and then crashed full speed into the basket support. He lay there for a while in a crumpled heap. But Philly had caught the Warriors. "Gook! Gook!" Wilt cried

later at Guokas. "The rook showed us how!"

The child having led him, Chamberlain then brought his team home. He had eight rebounds in that quarter and half a dozen blocks. Finally he made the utterly perfect move in the last seconds when the 76ers led 123-122 and Rick Barry had the ball. As Wilt began to menace him, Barry decided to pass to Thurmond. But at that instant Chamberlain switched back to Nate. The switch left Barry literally hanging, with no alternative but to try a desperate push shot at the basket. It missed by feet, and the championship was won.

Construction of this ultimate victory had begun a long time ago, on a fall day in 1963 in Vancouver, B.C. Alex Hannum and Chamberlain had come together for the first time that September, as coach and star of San Francisco. Wilt had averaged 45 points a game the season before, but the Warriors had finished fourth, sullen and dispirited. Hannum had led Syracuse to a 48-32 record in the Eastern Division, with not a single player averaging so much as 20. In Vancouver, Hannum started to run the Warriors his way, and almost from the first, and then on every succeeding day, the two men clashed and backed.

Finally, as the season's opening game approached, Hannum and Chamberlain fell into deep, violent argument. Hotly intent, they went at each other for real. Other players rushed forward at one time to prevent blows, but Hannum still glared at Wilt. "All right, we'll go outside and settle it," Alex said. But the players would not allow that, either. In their minds the matter was settled, anyway. Hannum's ideas had won. They were right, Wilt led the Warriors to the championship of the West that year.

It was a team with grave weaknesses, however, and when they were exposed the following year, chaos ensued. Wilt was traded in midseason to Philadelphia, Hannum was later fired. They wandered through months of despair and coincidence until they ended up on the same team again last fall. This time, in Philadelphia, there was no rancor or distrust. They knew they needed each other—Hannum to outcoach Bill Russell, Chamberlain to outplay him.

After the fourth game of the playoff series with San Francisco, Philly's first



WASTING CHAMPAGNE. on Coach Hannum's bid, head becomes a pleasurable exercise for the victorious 76ers, led by Guard Hal Greer, as sixth-man Billy Cunningham (32) wants his turn.

victory in the Cow Palace, Chamberlain stepped up to be interviewed on TV. The man who had scored thousands and thousands of points but had never won a championship had taken exactly six shots that night, none at all in the second half. The losers had Rick Barry, who had taken 41. Wilt was asked about this. "Sometimes," he said, "for the ears of the people back in Philly," "it is actually easier to play against a team that has one man do most of the shooting."

However easy it was, the final victory over San Francisco was still a special one for Hannum and Chamberlain. In a sense, it was a double triumph, because they had laid the foundation for the success the Warrior franchise also was achieving. A record 15,612 jammed into the Cow Palace for the last game, and 4,483 more had to shell out \$2.50 each just to watch on closed-circuit TV. Pro basketball in The City, as its citizens pretentiously call San Francisco, is in. No pro crowds are better dressed or more mannerly. The players are treated like idols, greeted by adoring young fans with autograph books, not by the kind of chivying creatures in mackinaws or

plastic suits who patronize the eastern arenas and linger in the dark runways in search of an edge in the points.

The Bay area franchise is so attractive now that it probably will be the major battleground in the conflict between the NBA and the new ABA. Bruce Hale, the coach at the University of Miami, who has the edge over others because his daughter is married to Rick Barry, has been offered the ABA Oakland job. Now Hale is getting impatient as he waits to hear if Oakland will accept his terms. But whoever gets the job, the Oakland management frankly admits that it must raid the NBA for a superstar. If it is not able to, the franchise has no hope of competing for spectators, since the Warriors have moved 18 home games for next year right into the beautiful Oakland arena. Barry and Nate Thurmond are obvious local targets. It has been reported that Oakland offered Thurmond a five-year contract at \$75,000 a year, with a liquor store all his own just for signing. Thurmond is worth it. He performed marvelously against Chamberlain, it was not just by choice that Wilt shot so infrequently.

The playoffs also demonstrated how dependent (for better or worse) the Warrior fortunes are on Barry's shooting arm. In the third game Rick made 55 points, but that required 48 shots. In the next game he handled the ball 39 times. Twice he lost it, three times he was fouled before shooting, 43 times he shot and only 11 times did he pass-off. On occasion, it looked as if his teammates were trying to steal the ball away from him, and in the fifth game Coach Bill Sharman risked censure by sitting Barry down for a long period while his team was behind. As it turned out, Tom Meschery went wild and Barry wasn't needed.

Meschery's spurt, like several by Guard Jimmy King, was reminiscent of the Philly offense. The 76ers play what they call "milk it." The player with the hot hand gets the ball. On defense, the 76ers played both the San Francisco and Boston series with the main intention of negating the cutting move off the high post that both opponents favor. They overplayed the cutter, forcing him to the side where Chamberlain would help trap him. "If we get them in a corner," Chet Walker said, "they can try to shoot over Wilt—either that or they can pass

continued

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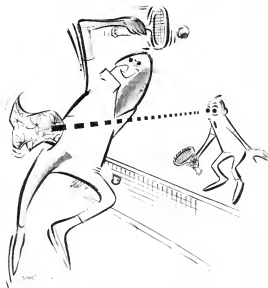


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the ball hack out in only one direction."

The Warriors overcame this defense in the third game by going with the flow instead of fighting it. Thurmond shifted his pick so that the defensive man would be slowed a bit longer, then the Warrior with the ball would shoot before someone else—usually Wilt—could distract him. "All we wanted was one dribble past the pick, and then—up," said Jeff Mullins. Thus the Warriors took the astonishing number of 50 outside shots from the side and corners in this third game, as compared to the more usual 25 or so from this territory that Philly put up. The Warriors hit and won, but Philadelphia adjusted its defense only slightly. "Look," Hannum said, "they've reached a point where they're working to get 20- and 25-footers. We're happy if they have to work for that kind of shot. Besides, nobody's ever going to win a series—a game, yes, but not a series—on outside shooting."

Still, the most succinct tributes to Philadelphia's skill had already come from Boston—which is only fitting. One day shortly after his team had vanquished the Celtics, Hannum received a long letter signed, ominously, "An Anonymous Boston Fan." But there was no vitriol in it, only love for the Celtics and praise for the 76ers. It included a listing of the first names of the 76ers and their meanings—Lucas meant "light," Matthew was "a gift of Jehovah," and so on. Then the letter concluded: "But the one that is even more [fitting], above all these, is Alexander, which means, 'a defender of men,' wherein I'm sure the secret lies."

Hannum got the letter down, stunned and touched. A few days before, after Boston was beaten, Hannum had gone over to compliment Coach Russell on his efforts. Minutes after that, Russell came into the Philadelphia locker room searching for Chamberlain. The big men still pay each other these tributes. Russell moved through the crowd, his black cape draping his gaunt shoulders, his creased, bearded face showing the anguish of an El Greco. When he reached Wilt, Russell reached out his hand. "Great," was all he said.

"Right, baby," Wilt replied, with hardly any express on "Great." Russell said again, and then he was gone—leaving behind a man who would no longer spend his summer aching for the ultimate fulfillment of his talent.

END

Do's and don'ts of sneaker-wearing

If you've read this far, there's a chance that you may be serious about sneaker-wearing. In which case maybe you shouldn't read any further, because sneaker-wearing isn't serious.

However, if you can be serious for a moment about not being serious, we'd like to give you some pointers on the correct and incorrect wearing of the sneaker.

To begin with, don't wear fancy socks with sneakers from January 2 to December 31.



Five do's and a don't.

(On January 1, you're liable to wake up with anything on, and we understand.) If you want to wear socks, we suggest a pair of plain white sweat socks. And if you don't want to wear socks, we suggest the Keds Champion Slip-ons shown below.

As far as athletics go, our

rule is always wear sneakers unless it's against the rules. For example, bowling and swimming no; tennis and basketball yes. It's extremely important, though, that you wear the right sneaker for the right sport (otherwise you may wind up with a tennis score in a basketball game). Just tell your Keds dealer what sport you want to play, and he'll tell you what



sneaker to play it in.

Our next rule is probably the most important and should be followed to the letter—or at least to the syllable. It's simply this:

Don't try to keep your sneakers clean. Even on holidays. If somebody steps on your feet, say, "Thank you." If he's another sneaker-wearer, he'll understand. If he's not, you'll probably never see him again anyway.

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A midsummer's meal for a largemouth bass

Old wives and young children have told extraordinary tales about dragonflies. Now an amateur flytier tells the real story, and he suggests that these interesting insects may turn out to be more fun than fishing itself

Dragonflies are the eagles of the insect world, rapaciously hunting down mosquitoes, midges, deerflies and moths. They also are among the most beautiful of insects, with delicate wings that are sometimes suffused with amber or dappled with cream and brown, and the glistening, shell-like skins give a dazzling glow that is the very spark of life.

To fish lurking below, a dragonfly that ventures too close to the water is an inviting feast. Bass will wallop one with a satisfactory thump, particularly on those drowsy, drone-filled days when the fish are supposed to be sulking in the deeper holes waiting for the cool of evening.

Even though trout have been known to feed avidly upon dragonflies, the insect is all but ignored in angling literature. Fly-tying hooks dwell on mayflies, caddis flies and stone flies, the trinity of aquatic entomology, but it appears to be heresy to mention dragonflies, and author after author either skips over them completely or briefly suggests crude imitations made from balsa wood or kapok.

For the past several years I have been tying imitations that do very well with bass. I am far from the best fly caster, and I try to make up with science what I lack in technique.

Dragonflies spend the greater part of their lives underwater as nymphs, stout-bodied, ugly creatures that move by jet propulsion, expelling water from their backsides. Some dragonfly nymphs camouflage themselves in weeds, others bury themselves in mud. All the nymphs feed by ambushing lesser insects, crustaceans and sometimes small fish, grabbing them with a pinching lower lip that can shoot out faster than the eye can see. Adult dragonflies, despite their glowering faces and threatening gestures, are of no harm to man, but some of the nymphs, which may grow to an inch or more, have a fierce bite that can break



BOYLE'S BUG: PIG BRISTLE, OSTRICH FEEL AND TURKEY QUILL

the skin. Commercial bait dealers often collect the nymphs to sell as "perch bugs." They are an excellent bait, especially for panfish, and they are easy to gather by running an old window screen along the bottom of a pond. Tied imitations of the nymphs are not too successful, however: it is difficult for the angler to impart a natural action.

Depending upon the species—and there are some 300 in the U.S.—a dragonfly spends from several months to three or four years underwater as a nymph. When the time for transformation into the adult form is at hand the nymph heads toward shore and climbs up a reed or a rock, where it splits its skin down the back. With pulsing, sometimes convulsive movements, the winged adult gradually emerges. The nymphal casing is abandoned, and the young adult, weak and woozy, totters into the first state of aerial existence. As blood surges through the intricate network of veins, the compacted wings start to unfold and harden in the sunlight. In a

couple of hours the dragonfly is ready to embark on its second life, which may last only a month. In this time it will mate, lay eggs and start the cycle anew. Along with the cockroach, the dragonfly is one of the oldest insects extant. Dragonflies go back to the Carboniferous period of 250 million years ago, when the great Pennsylvania coal beds were laid down. Fossils have been unearthed showing two-foot wingspreads.

Among the more common species which have wide distribution over the U.S. are *Libellula pulchella*, a brownish dragonfly nicknamed the "ten-spot" because of the spots on its wings; *Pantodon flavus*, which has a chalky-white body and black barred wings; *Pantodon severa*, a small (3/4 inch) weak flyer with a reddish, sturdy body and amber wings; *Symphagma rubicundulum*, the bright-red dragonfly of the early autumn; and *Anax junius*, the big, blue-green darner. *Anax junius* is ordinarily the largest dragonfly to be found soaring around a pond. Its wingspan

continued

measures from four to five inches, and this dragonfly is a very strong flyer with keen sight. *Anax junis* is one of several dragonflies that apparently migrate south in the fall. Swarms have been seen moving along the Connecticut and New Jersey coasts, following the same migratory track as swallows and monarch butterflies. Last year the Federation of Ontario Naturalists began catching flights of *Anax* in bird traps on the shore of Lake Erie, and small labels were glued on a fore wing with the hope that recapture would reveal their winter destination. Ordinarily *Anax* is difficult to catch with a hand net, and oldtime collectors used to obtain specimens by using a small gauge shotgun loaded with fine dust. By accident I have discovered that I can lure *Anax* within reach by dangling an imitation of it from the end of my fly rod. Like a number of dragonflies, the male *Anax* has his own territory around a pond, and he patrols it regularly like a cop on a beat. The sight of my bogus creation, jiggled up and

down in the air, is sufficient to compel the live male into making a slashing attack on the interloper.

There are several ways of tying artificial dragonflies. The abdomen, thorax and head can be made of deer body hair tied on a streamer hook and clipped to shape. Clear lacquer is applied to the body, and after it has almost dried I compress the deer hair with my fingers and apply another coat of lacquer. After this has dried, fine tying thread is looped on to mark the abdominal segments. The wings are stiffish gamecock feathers, and the legs are stripped stems of feathers bent to shape with hackle pliers. The compound eyes on the head are put on with colored lacquer. Contrary to what one might expect, the artificial dragonfly casts easily, far more easily, in fact, than the regular puffy deer-hair bug, and it floats forever.

I was proud of this fly until Ted Niemeyer, the gifted flytier of the realistic, hackleless mayfly (SI, Jan. 23), offered a couple of suggestions, and I am now

making an even more realistic fly using the end stubs of turkey, goose, peacock and other bird quills for the abdomen. I color these quills with dyes put out by Veniard, the English dealers in fly-tying materials. After the translucent quill stubs have dried, I use a fine pen and India ink to draw the abdominal segments and other body markings. The thorax and head are made of clipped deer hair lacquered the appropriate colors. Pig bristle or horse hair crimped to shape do well for the wings, and ostrich herl simulates the thoracic hair. A drop of clear lacquer poured into the quill body at the start will catch the sunlight and give the dragonfly an enticing movement.

If your finished dragonfly seems too beautiful to use on fish, you can always use it as a lure to attract a real dragonfly within swarming distance of an insect net. I often find this to be even more fun than fishing, so much so that a friend has suggested that someone might throw a net over me.

END

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GOLF / Jack Nicklaus

It isn't a game of inches



FRANCIS GOLDER

The position of the hands shows why a tall golfer need not compensate for his height

Most tall golfers think they must go through a series of contortions to get themselves into position to hit a golf ball. They do a deep knee bend or they curve their backs or slouch their shoulders, all in an unnecessary effort to get themselves into what they think is the same position that a shorter man appears to manage with such ease. What tall golfers often do not realize is that their hands fall at almost the same position as a

shorter man's. I am six feet and I have short arms but, as you can see in the illustration above, my hands are in relatively the same position as the man who is four inches taller. Height is actually an advantage in golf, because a tall person can achieve a symmetrical arc in his swing much more easily than a short person. The tall golfer should forget his height. It is the thinking about it and trying to compensate for it that ruins his swing.

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BRIDGE / Charles Goren

Trapped when the king turned tyrant

The strength of a bridge team, like that of a chain, is measured by its weakest link. American methods for selecting an international team often have been criticized because we frequently end up with a team that includes one or two players whose abilities are not up to the standards of the rest. But we are not alone. Although the French team won the 1966 European Championship handily to qualify for the World Championship in Miami Beach late this month, there have been rumors that one of its pairs may be replaced.

The French pair in jeopardy is Léon Timmer and Jacques Stetten, the oldest on the team. Their detractors in Europe suggest that they have become increasingly guilty of errors in technique. As an illustration, these critics might point to the following unusual—and to the average player, comforting—hand which occurred in the World Pairs Olympiad last year in Amsterdam. I don't think I have ever before seen an international star make as many as four errors in one hand, each of which was his failure to play the very same card. The culprit was Timmer, and by way of a partial alibi for his lapses I might note that he was playing against Italy's famed Benito Garozzo, who has hypnotized defenders before.

Though Garozzo was playing with Federico Mayer, who is one of Italy's lesser bridge lights, he nevertheless was in contention for the championship all the way. In this hand he manufactured a forcing response of two clubs with his three-card suit bid, despite his 16-point holding, he made no move toward slam because his partner's failure to open with one club meant that North held fewer than 17 points. However, South's club bid served to steer West away from

Both sides vulnerable
North dealer

NORTH
 ♠ Q 8 7
 ♥ A Q J
 ♦ Q 10 7 5
 ♣ K 8 3

WEST
 ♠ K 6 3
 ♥ 7 6 2
 ♦ J 6 4
 ♣ A 10 7 6

EAST
 ♠ J 10 9 2
 ♥ 8 5 4 3
 ♦ 9 8
 ♣ J 9 5

SOUTH
 ♠ A 5 4
 ♥ K 10 9
 ♦ A K 3 2
 ♣ Q 4 2

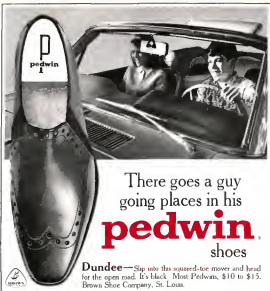
NORTH (Mirror)	EAST (Stetson)	SOUTH (Garozzo)	WEST (Tintner)
1 ♠	PASS	3 ♣	PASS
2 ♠	PASS	3 N.T.	PASS
3 ♠	PASS		

Opening lead: 2 of hearts

a club lead, which South would have liked. Instead, Tintner led a heart that did not help South a bit.

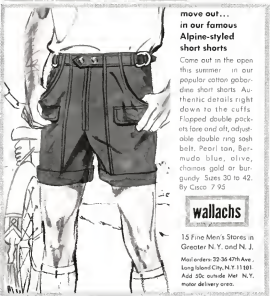
The trick was won with dummy's jack. Cashing the ace and king of diamonds assured Garozzo that the suit would break, and he next led a spade toward dummy, giving Tintner a chance to win a trick with the spade king. Tintner ducked this first of four chances to get the king of spades out of his hand, and dummy's queen won. Two high diamonds were cashed and, although Stetson had tried earlier to cue his partner by playing the jack of spades under dummy's queen, Tintner passed up a second chance to get rid of his spade king, this time on the fourth diamond. Instead, he threw a low heart.

Garozzo came to his hand with the ace of spades and Stetson completed his signal in the suit by playing the 9, but Tintner decided against dumping his spade king under the ace. South's next move was to lead up to dummy's king of clubs. Tintner ducked. Now declarer cashed two good hearts, and Tintner again maintained his allegiance to the king of spades. Perhaps he was unwilling to throw it away just because he had earlier failed to win a trick with it. At any rate, clinging to it now cost him the vital trick that allowed South to make a top score. Garozzo led his last spade and Tintner was on lead at the 11th trick with nothing left in his hand but the ace-10 of clubs. His forced club lead gave Garozzo a trick with the club queen and enabled him to make five no trump, for an excellent match-point score. **END**



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TWO TOFFS, A LADY



The Epsom Derby of 100 years ago was one of the most dramatic in the often-brief history of Britain's most famous horse race. In this excerpt from "The Pocket Venus" by Henry Blyth, to be published here this month by Walker and Company, we meet Harry, fourth Marquis of Hastings, and Henry Chaplin, both dashing young gentlemen of London society. The two have been enemies ever since Hastings eloped with Chaplin's fiancée, Florence Paget, a beautiful girl with a tall but exquisite figure whom the tabloids nicknamed the Pocket Venus. This rivalry extended to racing, in which both men were deeply interested and involved and, in the spring of 1867, it focused on Hermès, a chestnut colt owned by Chaplin and a likely prospect for the 88th running of the Derby.

BY HENRY BLYTH

AND A HORSE

CONTINUED

Harry Hastings began the racing season of 1867 with an ever-deepening resentment against Hermit. Henry Chaplin began it with an ever-increasing optimism about him. Both were thus at a disadvantage, for to be prejudiced against a horse in racing is as harmful to detached assessment as to be biased in his favor.

Yet Henry Chaplin had good reason for his optimism. As trainer at Bedford Cottage he had Old Bloss, who understood the well-being of horses and who could be relied upon to attend to all their needs. As manager there was Captain Machell, who understood all the intricacies of the racing scene. A Newmarket man who was already a part of Newmarket life—shrewd, knowledgeable and modern in his methods—Machell realized that he had a potential Derby winner in his care, and he understood that there could be no rest and no relaxation in stable vigilance until the Derby was past.

Then there was the jockey. Harry Custance had been signed on as first jockey to the stable at an annual retaining fee of £525, a large sum for a jockey in those days. He was young, he rode with dash and brilliance and he had already proved himself to be an Epsom jockey by his victories in the Derbies of 1860 and 1866. He was honest and intelligent and, whereas his honesty would prevent him from being bribed, his intelligence would convince him of the need for doing his utmost for an owner who was known to be grateful and generous to those who served him well.

Custance was a strong and determined rider, and this was at once his virtue and his failing. With a lazy horse, who was reluctant to give of his best, Custance was seen to great advantage, but he lacked gentleness and sympathy. A nervous horse could be frightened by Harry Custance, and a high-spirited one could resent this domination from the saddle.

Finally, there was Hermit himself, the pride of Bedford Cottage and the colt in whom Chaplin, Machell, Old Bloss and most of Newmarket itself began to place their hopes by the spring of 1867. By this time he had grown and thickened into an impressive animal of unmistakable class—a rich, red chestnut with just a trace of white on his forehead, standing a little over 15.2 hands. His hindquarters suggested all the power that characterized the Newminster stock. His action was light and easy, although in his slow paces he was apt to move with a rather listless air, as though indifferent to exertion unless it contained the urgency of speed and conquest.

His temperament was amiable, gentle, honest and proud. But he was apt to become excitable before the start of a race and, being headstrong and determined, he resented restraint when eager to give of his best. He had style and class, and what Charles James Fox used to refer to in the *Lateen* term *orgawer*, suggesting as it did the poetry of grace in motion.

Captain Machell and Henry Chaplin had first "asked

Hermit a question" early one cold December morning in 1865 when they had galloped him over Newmarket Heath by Bury Hill. They had matched him then against a filly, also by Newminster, named Problem, whom Chaplin had bought with Hermit. She was thought to be useful, and they had set Hermit to give her 35 pounds over a distance of half a mile. He had won that trial by two lengths, and it was then, in the cold and misty air of midwinter, with the Derby still a year and a half away, that Henry Chaplin had begun to hope.

From then on Chaplin and Machell began to back Hermit in earnest. The ramifications of these Derby wagers of theirs are hard to disentangle. Each was forever on the lookout for a prospective layer who would oblige him by offering attractive odds. It was a period in which a great deal of betting was still carried out between gentlemen, without recourse to the Ring, the bookmakers at the track. This, in theory, had the advantage of being a gentleman's agreement and therefore sacrosanct, but in fact the members of the Ring often proved more reliable in settlement than the young bucks of the pentry and aristocracy.

During Hermit's 2-year-old season, in 1866, Captain Machell was drinking one evening with some racing friends in Long's Hotel, one of the several fashionable meeting places of the sporting fraternity in the Bond Street area. Taking advantage of the prevailing mood of jovial expansion, Machell took out his betting book and invited any sportsman present who was in the mood for a gamble to lay him 20 to 1 against Hermit in the Derby and suggested a bet of £20,000 to £1,000. After some hesitation, the bet was accepted.

At this moment the young Duke of Hamilton, who was fast following in Harry Hastings' footsteps and making a name for himself by foolhardy wagering, entered the hotel and pushed his way to the front of the little circle surrounding Machell. He was a little drunk and in a mood of defiant bravado.

"Pooh!" he said, "you don't call that betting! I will lay £30,000 to £1,000 against Hermit. I will lay it once. I will lay it twice, Three times—four times—six times!"

There was silence in the room for a moment, and then Captain Machell, who only a few years before had been an unknown and penniless subaltern, opened his betting book again, and, speaking very quietly, replied, "I will take you. I accept £180,000 to £6,000 against Hermit in the Derby."

Later in the evening the young Duke began to grow more sober and more alive to what he had done. Swallowing his pride as best he could, he approached Captain Machell quietly and offered a payment of £1,000 just to cancel the bet altogether. Machell at first refused. Then he relented. The bet was made void, without forfeit, and the young Duke of Hamilton left Long's with his tail between his legs.

Hermit had run six times as a 2-year-old in early 1866 and had won four, when in the middle of May he was in-



introduced to the Epsom racecourse for the first time. It was also the first occasion on which he was ridden by Harry Custance. Custance has been warned of Hermit's tendency to misbehave, and he determined to show the colt immediately who was master. Writing later in his memoirs, Custance recalled only that Hermit was restive at the start and "boiled his head." He ran gamely enough, however, and, although he was beaten comfortably by a filly named Achievement, there was no disgrace in the defeat, since Achievement was known to be a potential champion.

As first jockey to the stable, Custance rode Hermit in all his remaining races as a 2-year-old. He was a good jockey, but Hermit never liked him. The history of the turf is full of anecdotes about horses that have run kindly for one rider but not for another. Horses have long memories, and

they never forget harsh treatment or impatient handling.

By the end of the summer of 1866 the pattern for the Derby of 1867 was already beginning to develop, and the chances of the principal contenders were being discussed and assessed. Marksman, Vauban, Julius and Hermit were all looked upon as possible winners. Then in the autumn at Newmarket, in the valuable Middle Park Plate with its prize money of £1,000, Mr. Pryor's colt, The Rake, put up an impressive performance by beating Achievement by three lengths. This was certainly a notable Derby trial, and The Rake was substantially backed throughout the winter as a result of it.

Hermit was not entered for the first of the classic races of 1867, the Two Thousand Guineas, and after much consideration it was decided not to give him an outing in public before the Derby. The same decision was made about the Derby favorite, The Rake.

But if a horse is not raced in public it is extremely difficult for the trainer to gauge his form accurately. He must rely on the opposition that he provides in private trials, but these trials may prove misleading. Hermit was first of all raced against a colt of Henry Chaplin's named Target. Target was not good enough, and Hermit beat him easily. He was therefore provided with more formidable opposition, a 4-year-old named Rama, who had beaten Ackworth in the Doncaster Cup the previous autumn. Rama, older and stronger than Hermit and very fast, beat him easily and often, usually by running him off his legs in the first few furlongs. Hermit was game and resolute, but this treatment discouraged him, and he began to lose confidence in himself.

Some trainers might well have argued that he was learning the hard way and that such harsh treatment was good for him, but Machel was wiser. Rama was discarded, and Target was brought back. Hermit was greatly encouraged and soon recovered his old zest.

Meanwhile Hermit's chief opponents for the Derby were beginning to show their paces in public. Their first really important race was the Two Thousand Guineas. While Hermit was not entered, Captain Machel had a very useful colt of his own named Knight of the Garter, whom he decided to run in order to get a line to the classic form. Once he knew how good Knight of the Garter was in relation to Vauban and Marksman, he had only to try him secretly with Hermit to discover just how good Hermit was.

The Two Thousand was run on Tuesday, April 23, and was won by the favorite, Vauban. Knight of the Garter was second, beaten by two lengths, and was himself just in front of Marksman. Julius was fourth.

Here, then, was the key to the whole situation. Hermit would have to be better than Knight of the Garter in order to beat Vauban and win the Derby, but if he was as good as him he should still be able to beat Marksman and Julius. A two-length victory in racing is generally considered

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EPSOM DERBY

to be the equivalent of a six-pound superiority in a handicap. Thus Hermit would have to carry at least six pounds more than Knight of the Garter in a trial and then beat him if he was to have a chance of beating Vauban. Captain MacNeill decided to ask the chestnut colt to carry 10 pounds more, so that the issue could be clearly decided one way or another. With these weights, which were unknown even to the jockeys who were riding, he staged a secret trial at Newmarket early one morning. As MacNeill and Chaplin watched the two colts go down to the start for this trial, they realized that the events of the next few minutes would either confirm their faith in Hermit or else destroy their hopes for his success in the Derby.

Hermit, running with all his remarkable ease and enjoyment, beat Knight of the Garter without undue effort. Thus they knew that, on Guineas form at least, Hermit was the best 3-year-old in England and a worthy favorite for the Derby. It now only remained to deliver him fit and eager at the post.

For Henry Chaplin, there was now an added interest in Hermit's success. Henry's extravagant way of life was making a considerable inroad into his capital. He was living beyond his means, and he could not go on doing so. Unless something happened to change his financial position, he would have to consider giving up his support of the Burton Hunt and cutting down on his entertaining. He might even have to consider selling his ancestral home, Blankney Hall. He could not continue to buy and race horses as he had been doing since Florence's elopement with Harry Hastings, nor could he continue to enjoy the expensive life of leisure indulged in by the Prince of Wales's set. In short, his grand way of living was running him, and the most drastic retrenchment was necessary if the Squire of Blankney was to survive.

Hermit's victory in the Derby could change all this. It was not simply a matter of stake money to be won, or even of the money accrued from betting, although both he and MacNeill had backed their colt substantially. It was also the question of stud fees. A Derby winner

at stud could bring in a handsome income to his owner for a number of years after the race. Therefore if Hermit should win the Derby of 1867 Henry Chaplin knew that his financial problems would be solved and that he could continue his existing way of life for 10 years at least.

Harry Hastings was in a similar financial predicament but without a prospective Derby winner to save the situation. He was drinking more, gambling more and taking increasingly less interest in what either Florence or his business advisors unplored him to do. Debts were mounting. He was now obsessed with racing and betting and could think of nothing else. He attended every meeting and bet on every race.

But above all else he was obsessed with the conviction that Hermit could not win the Derby. On this point he scarcely seemed sane. "Harry is laying against Hermit as though the horse were already dead," wrote Florence in a letter to one of her friends, and, although she tried her utmost to prevent him from committing himself in this way, he took not the slightest notice of her. The very suggestion that he was being foolish in making what is known in racing terms as "a one-horse book" and concentrating on the failure of one single runner was sufficient to make him offer even more generous odds against Hermit than he had done previously. He derided Hermit, he scorned him. And although the news of what Hermit had achieved in his trial against Knight of the Garter began to filter through to the racing world, he refused to believe that such a trial had taken place, or declared that if it had it had proved nothing. The Two Thousand Guineas, he argued, was run over a mile. The Derby was run over a mile and a half, and also over a vastly different course from Newmarket. Harry knew all about Vauban, who was trained by John Day at Danebury, was owned by one of Danebury's staunchest patrons, the Duke of Beaufort, and was to be ridden by George Fordham. There was the highest confidence behind Vauban at Danebury, and John Day had no fear of Hermit. Moreover, there was also The Rake to be considered. Hermit, as far as Harry was concerned, had little

continued

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or no chance. He doubted very much if Chaplin's horse could get into the first three at Epsom.

The betting market reflected this assessment to some extent. When the card was called over at Tattersall's a fortnight before the race, Vauban was a warm favorite, The Rake was second favorite, and Hermit was on offer at 8 to 1.

The Derby was to be run on Wednesday, May 22. Captain Machell, pondering not only the problems of bringing Hermit to peak condition on this day but also the need of confirming just how good Hermit was, decided upon the traditional Bedford Cottage pre-Derby trial, which it was the custom for each stable to stage privately in those days a week or so before the great event. The day for this trial was fixed as Monday, May 13, and the distance was to be a mile and a half, the same as the Derby. Captain Machell was not superstitious, and the 13th of the month seemed as good a day as any other.

Henry Chaplin, to his intense disappointment, could not be present for the trial. He was a big man, who throughout his life suffered from the handicap of increasing weight, and now a heavy fall had strained the cartilage in both knees. He remained, therefore, in his rooms at Park Lane but gave instructions that the moment the result of the trial was known a messenger should be sent to give him all particulars.

The course chosen for the race was that by the side of the Ditch to the Cambridge Road, with the finish by the old Duke's Stand. The race was to be between Hermit and Rama—the colt who had previously proved too fast for him and had threatened to break his spirit. If Hermit failed in this trial, then the stable could take advantage of this secret knowledge to hedge some of its bets in the Ring and therefore rid itself of some of its liabilities. Captain Machell was a shrewd backer. He had no intention of committing himself too heavily unless Hermit proved himself in this final gallop to be a truly live proposition for the Derby.

Rama was ridden by one of the stable lads belonging to Bedford Cottage who could be relied upon to obey Machell's

instructions implicitly. Custance was to ride Hermit. They hacked down to the start, leaving Captain Machell and Old Bloss by the Duke's Stand. On reaching the old stables by the Ditch, which is a part of the ancient fortifications of Newmarket Heath, the two horses turned, and Custance gave his final instructions to the lad. Rama was lazy, and there was a danger that the trial might be run at a false pace. Custance told the lad that if this should happen he would shout out, and the lad could then show Rama the whip in order to make him increase his pace.

Hermit was on his toes and looked a picture, a perfect example of a Thoroughbred racehorse. In the past, Rama had gone too fast for him, but on this all-important occasion Hermit seemed determined to show what he could do. After a few furlongs Rama began to lag behind, and Custance thought that he was being lazy and not giving of his best. So he shouted to the lad to show Rama the whip. This he did, but still Hermit was traveling far the better of the two. It was then that Custance realized just how good Hermit was. The Derby must surely be at his mercy.

After a mile had been covered, Hermit was still pulling for his head and full of running. The watchers in the stands looked on in delight and admiration. Then disaster struck. Hermit was seen to stagger suddenly in his stride and to cough. Blood began to pour from his nostrils. It flaked across his chest and covered Custance as well. Custance at once brought him to a halt and dismounted. Hermit stood there, weak, unsteady and badly frightened and with the blood still pouring from his nostrils. What a few seconds before had been the picture of the perfect racehorse was now a tragic figure with all the fire and zest gone out of him.

Custance led Hermit slowly back to the stands, where Captain Machell and Old Bloss hurried forward to meet them. Hermit was still bleeding, so they gently sponged his nose and mouth and then took him slowly back to Bedford Cottage. Little was said, for each knew only too well what had happened. Hermit had broken a blood vessel in his nostril; and

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his chance in the Derby had vanished in that one catastrophic moment.

As soon as they reached Bedford Cottage, Old Bloss took Hermit away to care for him as best he could, while Mr Barrow, the veterinary surgeon, was summoned urgently from the town. Custance followed Captain Machell into the house where the Captain sat down to write a letter to Henry Chaplin, telling him exactly what had happened. A decision had to be made as to whether the horse should be scratched immediately from the race. Meanwhile they decided that an attempt should be made to keep the tragedy secret. But it was useless. The news was known all over Newmarket within hours.

Meanwhile Harry Custance hurried back to London to see Henry Chaplin. In the train he met Captain Hawkesley, an associate of Mr Pryor, the owner of The Rake, one of the favorites for the Derby. Hawkesley was sympathetic but practical. He said that, as Hermit now appeared to be a certain nonrunner, Custance would find himself without a mount. He offered him the ride on The Rake.

Custance replied that he could do nothing until he had seen Hermit's owner. When he arrived in London he saw Chaplin at once. Henry read Machell's letter slowly, then turned to his jockey. "We must scratch him at once," he said.

But Custance advised him not to be too hasty. There might still be just a chance that Captain Machell could patch the colt up so that he might be brought to Epsom. Chaplin pointed out that the race was little more than a week away, but in the end he agreed to postpone any definite decision until he had seen Captain Machell and had received a full veterinary report.

Not that Custance had any reason for wishing the horse to run now. He was the stable jockey, and Chaplin had first claim on him. But the moment Hermit was scratched and Custance was officially released from his obligations there would be offers in plenty to ride another favored entry for the race. This was shown by the speed with which Mr Pryor had acted in order to get Custance to

ride The Rake. Jockeys received substantial rewards for riding Derby winners, and no one would wish to be claimed for a broken-down colt such as Hermit when the chance was offered to ride the probable winner.

The bets involved over Hermit were immense, and no one was more heavily committed than Harry Hastings. For six months and more he had been laying against Hermit "as if he were dead." He had been warned repeatedly that he was being most unwise, and even Henry Chaplin himself had cautioned him, saying that Hermit's chance was an excellent one and that he might well win. This had only strengthened Harry in his unreasoning prejudice against the horse.

Chaplin himself had backed his horse with Harry Hastings. He stood to win some £20,000 from Harry if Hermit won. But this was only a part of Harry's commitments over the colt. A victory for Hermit at Epsom on May 22 would deprive him of nearly £120,000, and this at a time when his debts were rapidly mounting and his financial position generally becoming desperate.

The news of Hermit's collapse in his final trial must therefore have come as a sudden relief. By this time Hastings had realized in his heart that Hermit was a fine horse and that his continued antipathy to the colt was quite unjustified, but his pride would not allow him to admit this. Now the whole situation was changed for him. If Hermit was scratched from the race, Harry would automatically win around £10,000, for the bets which had been struck with him had been "ante-post" and would therefore be lost if the horse did not run. Even if Hermit did now run, the position for Harry was saved, for it would be simple for him to lay off his commitments, since Hermit's price would rapidly lengthen to 50 to 1 or 100 to 1 now that his chance of winning had virtually disappeared.

All Harry's problems were therefore solved once the news became known that Hermit had broken a blood vessel in his final trial. Henry Chaplin, on the other hand, said goodbye to the hopes which he himself had entertained of winning a fortune on the Derby and immortality on the turf. In all, he had

stood to win some £140,000. Hastings' contribution would have amounted to £20,000, and Chaplin had taken many other bets on Hermit as well. He had also had a side bet of a level 150,000 with old Sir Joseph Hawley that Hermit would finish in front of The Palmer, and another side bet with Mr. Merry of £10,000 that Hermit would finish in front of Marksman.

Custance, although he advised against scratching the horse immediately, quickly lost interest in Hermit as a desirable mount for the Derby, and both he and Mr. Pryor, the owner of The Rake, begged Henry Chaplin to release the jockey from his commitment. Chaplin, always a fair-minded and generous man, agreed to this suggestion, although it was hard for him to relinquish his claim on the best Epsom jockey of the day. The Ring, having heard first of Hermit's accident and then of the release of his jockey, knocked the colt out in the betting, at first to 20 to 1 and then, when the news seemed to grow worse, to twice those odds.

But during all these alarms, with their repercussions upon the betting for the race, there was one man who kept his head and still hoped for the best. This was Captain Machell. It was really he who persuaded Henry Chaplin to stay his hand when Chaplin was so anxious to scratch Hermit, and now he set about the task of patching up the invalid as best he could. Aided by Old Bloss, he began to coddle the colt like a baby. Old Bloss had been sleeping in Hermit's box for weeks past on a little iron bedstead that was just small enough to be squeezed into the corner, and now he administered to the colt with an ever-increasing devotion.

Hermit was allowed very little hay and was covered with a light rug in order to keep him as cool as possible. His collapse had taken place on Monday, May 13, nine days before the race. Within two days he was back in light work, and something of his old spirit seemed to revive within him. But he was a nervous horse who did not forget, and the memory of his accident stayed in his mind. He had been badly frightened by the loss of blood that he had

suffered, and in some way he connected this in part with his jockey, Custance. Had Custance ridden him in these slow gallops that he was now undertaking, Hermit might well have shown a disinclination to make any effort but, now that Custance had been released and no substitute for him had yet been found, Hermit was ridden by one of the stable lads, who treated him gently. His eagerness slowly came back, and although he looked weak and sorry he was fit enough in himself for Captain Machell to decide to give him a canter or two up the Rowley mile at Newmarket on the Saturday before the Epsom meeting. He was never fully extended, but the former glory of his action had come back to him. Once again there was a touch of *arguing* about his performance.

The Derby, according to ancient tradition, was due to be run at 3 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon. Hermit traveled to Epsom on Sunday, and it was decided to follow a further racing tradition by giving him his final warming-up gallop over a part of the course on Tuesday morning, the day before the race. Meanwhile The Rake continued to give every satisfaction in his home gallops, and Custance had reason to congratulate himself on being offered so good a substitute for Hermit. He was riding in the French Derby on Sunday and left for Paris at the weekend.

The news that greeted him on his return quickly altered his views. Exactly the same thing had happened to The Rake as had happened to Hermit. He had broken a blood vessel in his gallop on Friday morning, and although he was still a runner his chances seemed to have disappeared as surely as had those of Hermit. So The Rake was also knocked out in the betting, and Vauban was installed as the hot favorite.

The final gallops held on the Derby course on Tuesday morning were watched with more than usual interest, for both Hermit and The Rake were to be given their last chance to show their well-being. This was also Custance's first introduction to his Derby mount, whom he had never ridden before. He rode in one of the first trials of the morning and, mounting The Rake, was sent on a



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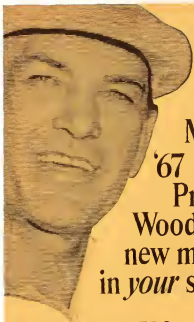
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three-quarter-mile canter by the horse's trainer, Joseph Dawson. Whatever hopes he still held of winning the Derby now vanished completely. "Of all the Derby horses I have ever ridden, this is the worst," was the report that he gave to Dawson when he pulled up. He dismounted gloomily and then paced for a few moments by Tattenham Corner to watch some of the other Derby runners being put through their paces. Suddenly he realized that one of these was Hermit. The colt was looking very different now from the vigorous and vital animal that he had ridden eight days before, and Custance was shocked to see how Hermit's coat had lost its luster and how listless he appeared.

Hermit had the usual rather timid and inexperienced lad on his back, and as he approached Tattenham Corner he took hold of his bit and rounded the corner at top speed. The weather had been cold but dry for days, and the course was very hard. The going at Tattenham Corner was like concrete, and the majority of runners had rounded it warily, afraid of jarring themselves. But to the astonishment of Custance and his friend, Chris Fenning, who was standing with him, Hermit rounded the bend like an express train.

"Beauffers," said Fenning in amazement, "I never saw a horse go like that!"

Custance remained silent. He could scarcely believe his eyes. As far as he knew, it was the first serious work that Hermit had done for more than a week.

Old Bloss was so delighted that he sent a telegram to Henry Chaplin, begging him to travel down to Epsom at once. Chaplin seized his crutches and answered the call.

Old Bloss's report to his master was full of optimism. Hermit, he said, had squandered the trial tackle they had put against him and, at the end, had breathed so quietly that he would not have blown out the proverbial candle.

Now a major controversy developed. Chaplin, delighted with the news and the assurance that Hermit was almost back to his best, was eager to repay the services of Custance, whom he had relinquished to Mr. Pryor. Custance, in view of what he had seen, and of his

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experience when riding The Rake that day, was equally anxious to revert to his original commitment.

But Mr. Pryor was adamant. He refused to give up his claim to Custance, maintaining that his horse, The Rake, had also fully recovered and was in excellent health and would probably win the Derby. He therefore insisted that Custance should ride him.

The argument became heated, and in the end the matter had to be referred to the Stewards of the Jockey Club. Unfortunately, Chaplin had relinquished his claim in writing, and Mr. Pryor was able to produce the letter. The stewards sympathized with Chaplin, but in view of this letter they reluctantly agreed that Mr. Pryor still had first claim on the services of Custance. Thus Hermit, now partly restored to health and with an outside chance of still winning the vast sum in bets that his victory could bring to his owner and trainer, was left on the evening before the race without a jockey.

By now all the best riders had been signed up for the fancied runners, and no experienced substitute for Custance was available. The search went on all evening, but without success. No suitable jockey could be found.

The morning of Derby day, May 22, 1867, dawned gray and bitterly cold. As the day wore on, biting winds, sleet and finally flurries of snow swept across Epsom Downs. The huge crowds, which normally flocked to the course from London, were reduced to a trickle, and *The Times*, in its subsequent report of the scene, referred to the inclement weather "which froze the general current gaiety of the holiday-makers." There was a forest of umbrellas on the course and in the stands, and the racegoers slapped their hands for warmth as they watched the horses parading in the paddock.

Henry Chaplin arrived in the Prince of Wales's party, but he was soon forced to leave in order to continue his now desperate search for a jockey for Hermit. Harry Hastings arrived debonair and smiling with Florence, who was muffled up against the cold in furs and looked drawn and tired.

Harry had his colt, Uncas, in the race,

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but Uncas had done little to justify any support. Danebury was behind Vauban to a man. The Duke of Beaufort's colt held an outstanding chance, and Harry Hastings had gone for a big win over him. With Fordham riding, and Harry in the mood to bet on this Danebury "pot," the Ring was in an ungenerous mood, offering Vaubus at no more than 6 to 4. Hermit was being laid at 66 to 1, and even at 100 to 1. Uncas was at double this price. The only runners seriously backed to beat Vauban were The Palmer, Van Amburgh, The Rake and Marksman.

Hermit himself was led down the course by Old Bloss, who was comforting him. Because of the supposed need to keep him cool, he was without any covering at all, although it seemed hardly possible that he could be in any danger of becoming overheated in the miserable conditions that prevailed. He looked lifeless and utterly dejected.

Meanwhile the search for a jockey continued. The official race card had no jockey's name against that of Hermit, and it seemed unlikely that any rider of experience would be found at this late hour, when all the top jockeys had been booked. Finally Lord Coventry suggest-

ed to Henry Chaplin that he might do worse than employ Johnny Daley, who had often ridden in the Coventry colors. He was only 20, a Newmarket lad and the son of a trainer, and had ridden his first winner at the age of 10, when he weighed only 53 pounds. He had been popular enough as a lightweight and had won the Goodwood Stakes and the Stewards' Cup but no other race of any importance. His weight had increased as he grew up, and he had lost favor with most of his former owners. In short, he was not a "fashionable" jockey, but he was honest and intelligent and could be relied upon to obey orders.

Chaplin and Machell were in no position to be selective. They ascertained that Daley was available and booked him on the spot. Captain Machell led him to a corner of the paddock and instructed him on the tactics he was to pursue. Hermit, he emphasized, had fine finishing speed and abundant stamina. Daley was therefore to wait with him approaching Tottenham Corner but keep in touch with the leaders. Once into the straight, Daley was to come with one long, sustained run on the outside to overhaul the leaders—if he could. Hermit was to be handled gently and was not to be punished unduly. If he showed any sign of breaking a blood vessel he was to be pulled up at once. He had courage and would give of his best without being driven.

The terms on which Daley was to ride were simple and generous. Machell himself would give him £300 if he finished in the first three and a further £3,000 if he won. To this Chaplin would add £6,000 in the event of victory. Daley listened and nodded his head but said nothing. He could scarcely believe it.

Daley's introduction to Hermit was the first obstacle to be met, and this was successfully overcome. The colt had shown a readiness in trials to give his best for a stable lad but had demonstrated a growing aversion to the strong handling of Custance. Now Johnny Daley, far quieter and less forceful in personality, was able to strike up an immediate sympathy and understanding with the horse.

Not that Hermit was in any condi-

continued



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EPSOM DERBY

tion to show anger or resentment. He shivered miserably in the biting wind, his tail was tucked even more firmly between his legs, his head hung down and he presented a picture of misery. Old Bloss walked him slowly round and round, comforting him as though he were a sick child. An observer of this scene was heard to remark that Hermit would not fetch £15 at a fair.

The Downs were sparsely covered with shivering spectators, sheltered for the most part under umbrellas. The stands were only half filled, and there were only a few people standing around the ring as the runners were paraded before the race. Henry Chaplin watched in company with the Prince, Captain Macchell and Sir Frederick Johnstone. Harry Hastings stood not far away while Uncas was saddled and then mounted by Selter. His stable companion, Vauban, as is the custom with Derby favorites, was surrounded by a little group of acolytes led by John Day and what *The Times* referred to as several "Danebury stragglers." George Fordham, who was to ride him, stood watching these preparations, outwardly calm but inwardly nervous and apprehensive. The last Derby favorite he had ridden had been Lord Childen, and he had run a poorly judged race then and been beaten by a neck. They were still saying that he was not a Derby jockey. Now was the chance to prove them wrong. He, too, was shivering with cold, and he felt sick and ill. He could have wished that it had been a brighter day.

They saddled "poor Hermit," as he was now being referred to, in a corner of the paddock where a thorn bush offered some slight shelter from the biting wind. He trembled as he was mounted and plodded slowly and miserably out on to the course. Gone was his old swag-gery gone, too, all suggestion of *orgatus*.

As Henry Chaplin and Captain Macchell passed through the Ring on their way back to the stands, they were joined by Harry Hastings, who had come to make a final bet on the Danebury "pot," Vauban. Henry Chaplin paused for a moment to speak to him.

"I think Hermit still has a chance, Harry," he said. "You can easily cover

your bet with me by taking the odds which they are offering now."

Harry Hastings gave his odd, disarming, half-condescending smile.

"Thank you, Henry—but I will not trouble. I fancy that Vauban is the only one that need be seriously considered."

He moved away to join his Marchioness in the stand. Chaplin and Machell watched him go. A bookmaker standing close to them touched his cap.

"Do you fancy 1,000 to 15 against Hermit, Square?"

Henry Chaplin nodded and accepted the bet. It was an act of defiance—not one of confidence, Captain Machell followed suit. He took £3,000 to £45.

Snow and sleet were still blowing across the Downs as the riders assembled at the start to hear the customary lecture given to them by the starter, Mr. McGeorge. They were to come into line quickly, he warned them, without jostling and not anticipate the dropping of his flag. They were not to argue, swear or shout abuse.

Even so, there were 10 false starts. Hardcastle on Master Butterfly, Payne on Fitz-Ivan and John Grimshaw on Marksman each lost his temper, ignored Mr. McGeorge's instructions and tried to anticipate the dropping of the flag. They were sternly admonished, and another attempt was made. Meanwhile, D'Estournel stubbornly refused to come into line. There were a few catcalls from the crowd, but the cold froze their normal powers of invective.

In the stand, Henry Chaplin watched Mr. McGeorge's efforts in company with the Prince of Wales. Harry Hastings surveyed them with an air of bored indifference from his private box and gave orders for the opening of yet another case of champagne. Florence shivered in the cold and pulled her furs about her. She prayed that it might soon be over.

At his 11th attempt, Mr. McGeorge was satisfied with the start, and the field—all except for D'Estournel—streamed away up the hill toward Tattenham Corner, while the starting bell in the stand clanged out mournfully to announce that the 88th renewal of the Derby Stakes was now in the process of being decided. Harry Hastings paused

in the act of sipping his champagne but showed no outside sign of excitement. Henry Chaplin became tense and strained. Captain Machell focused his glasses on the runners and watched their progress across the skyline.

The crucial moment in any Derby is when the field rounds Tattenham Corner. A horse must hold a good position at this point if he is to have a reasonable chance of winning. Ideally, he should be in the first half dozen. To be in the rear is generally fatal.

Now, as they rounded the famous corner, it was seen that Fordham was in the lead on the favorite, Vauban. With him were Wild Moor, Marksman and Julius. Behind these leaders were The Rake, Van Amburgh, Corporal, The Palmer and Hermit. The remainder were already trailing badly.

Into the straight they came, and the stands and the winning post were in sight. Vauban was still in the lead, but a groan went up when it was seen that Fordham was feeling for his whip. Vauban was joined by Marksman and Van Amburgh, and he faltered as they drew level with him.

With a furlong to go, Grimshaw forced Marksman into the lead. Van Amburgh was done with now and dropped back, but Vauban struggled on.

It was then that Daley, obeying his instructions to the letter, brought Hermit with a long run on the outside. Vauban, he realized, had hit the front too soon and was visibly tiring; but Marksman was still full of running. Now John Grimshaw on Marksman was watching Fordham closely. He knew only too well how Fordham loved to kid his opponents and to keep something up his sleeve for a fast sudden burst of speed on the post. Grimshaw saw Fordham falter and drop back, but he still watched for that sudden burst. And on his right, and unnoticed, Daley was bringing Hermit up to challenge.

Now, at last, the chestnut threw off his misery. He forgot the cold in his bones and the fear in his heart that there might be another sudden rush of blood in his nostrils. Racehorses are sensitive to the mood of a great occasion, and now the cheering and the waving of hats

continued



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EPSOM DERBY

and umbrellas galvanized him into life. He was being brought from behind, and that is the big challenge. He lengthened his stride, as do all great horses when they are under pressure, and power surged back into his weakened body and forced him forward. His jockey was not driving him mercilessly but was conveying to him the desperate need for one final, magnificent effort. A tired horse tends to swerve as he struggles forward. Hermit was tired, but he ran straight and true. It was the moment in which he sought for greatness and found it.

In his last 100 yards the Epsom course slopes sharply upward to the winning post. It is this final rise that can break the heart of a horse who has given of his best and is nearing exhaustion. But the best Derby winners of the turf have breasted this final slope with resolution, refusing to give in. They find within themselves a hidden strength to carry them forward.

Hermit found it now. He passed Vauban and reached Marksman's quarters, but the winning post was almost upon them. Daley, still cool and quiet, asked him for the final, supreme effort, and he gave it unflinchingly. In the last few strides they were locked together; but in the final stride Hermit was in front.

The judge gave his verdict: Hermit, by a neck. Marksman second. Vauban third.

There was a moment of stunned incomprehension in the crowd. In his box, Harry Hastings lowered his glasses and went pale, but his usual smile remained on his face. Then he turned to his wife.

"Hermit has run a great race. I must go and see him unsaddled."

In the royal box, the Prince and his friends were laughing and shouting and thumping Henry Chaplin on the back. Captain Machell was smiling, his hands trembling a little with excitement. But Henry Chaplin remained more and uncomprehending. He had never really convinced himself that Hermit could win. It had been in his mind no more than a dream. He could not now believe that the dream had materialized. He had won an immense fortune; and he had done more than that. He had found immortality on the turf.

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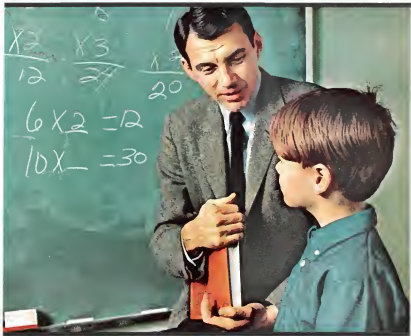
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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

AMERICAN LEAGUE

When CLEVELAND (3-2) Manager Joe Adcock failed to show up to speak at a Kinsing luncheon a local paper ran a headline saying, ADCKOCK STAYS AWAY. "I simply forgot," Adcock said sheepishly. Steve Hargan pitched his second straight shutout, a two-hitter against MINNESOTA (1-5). Later in the week Barry Moore of WASHINGTON (3-3) beat the Twins 3-0 on a one-hitter, already the fifth in the majors this season. Frank Howard crashed three homers and drove in nine runs for the Senators. NEW YORK (4-2) ended its longest home-run drought in 23 years—10 games. Mickey Maestle hit his first two of the year, the second of which came with two on in the bottom of the 10th to beat CALIFORNIA (1-4). The Angel offense was unproductive, and the team slipped from first place to sixth. KANSAS CITY (1-3) hitters ran the gamut: they were shut out twice in a row and then scored 10 runs (the Red Sox scored 11) in their next game. When the A's did win it was 1-0 against BOSTON (4-4) on Jim Nash's five-hitter and Danny Ceter's homer. When Red Sox Manager Dick Williams said he would keep George Scott on the bench until the first baseman lost some weight, it was obvious he meant it. "I eat no breakfast and no lunch, and all I have for dinner is a steak and maybe iced tea," Scott said as he waded away to a mere 215 pounds. "I'm getting weak." Weak or not, when he had shed enough weight to please Williams, Scott got back into the lineup, had six hits in 13 at bats and accounted for seven runs in three games. CHICAGO (3-2) speed and pitching (page 28) kept the White Sox going, but their bats were as quiet as ever. Joe Spinks of DETROIT (4-1) won twice and gave the credit to Pitching Coach Johnny Sam. "Sam is a confidence builder," Spinks

explained. Although held hitless (below) by BALTIMORE (2-3), the Tigers won, thanks to Oriole errors and fine two-hit pitching by Earl Wilson and Fred Gladding. Curt Blefary of the Orioles spent an afternoon with club P.R. Director Joe Brade on a fund-raising drive for charity. "Something good will happen to you for this," Brade said. It did. Blefary hit a grand-slam homer.

Standings: Det 13-6, NY 9-6, Bos 8-6, Chi 9-7, Balt 8-8, Cal 8-9, Minn 7-8, Cleve 7-8, KC 6-9, Minn 5-10

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Grady Hatton hit his managing business down cold. His HOUSTON (2-5) team had lost 10 in a row, he had a case of the flu and his last-place Astros were playing the Cardinals. Did Hatton let all this bother him? Not at all. He simply propped himself up on the couch to watch a special closed-circuit TV hookup. While lying there Hatton noted that Joe Morgan, who had not hit in 24 at bats "was jamming himself at the plate." Hatton summoned enough energy to make a phone call to the dugout and passed along orders to have Morgan either "stand deeper in the batter's box or get farther away from the plate." Heeding the advice, Morgan stood deeper in the box and in his next two times up doubled and hit a bases-loaded, game-winning triple. Juan Marichal of SAN FRANCISCO (4-2), who had a bad back, could not lie down on the job, a la Hatton, but when the hotel where he was staying was unable to supply him with a bedboard he simply slept on the floor and then went out and blanked the Dodgers on five hits. Orlando Cepeda was out with a virus, Roger Maris went 0 for 17 as ST. LOUIS (2-4) faltered. One bright spot was Al Jackson, who beat the Astros on a one-hitter. Gerry Arrigo of CINCINNATI (6-2)

also pitched a one-hitter, his coming against the Mets. CHICAGO (3-2) pitchers held opponents to a .182 batting average, but 208 hitting by the Cubs squandered much of that good work. The vaunted ATLANTA (4-1) sluggers had scored just once in 28 innings, and their season's batting mark hung at a lamp .205 before they finally unloaded. They overcame an 8-0 deficit to beat the Phils 9-8. "It can't go on," moaned PHILADELPHIA (1-5) Manager Gene Mauch, whose stalwarts left 48 men on base, made eight errors and gave up 10 homers last week. Lou Johnson of LOS ANGELES (3-4) fractured his left ankle, but although he will be sidelined for 10 weeks or more he will travel with the club. "We need this guy, even on crutches," said a club official. "Lou sparks everyone up." Willing to try anything, Jack Fisher of NEW YORK (2-4) let a waitress who said she practiced voodoo snap a few hairs from his head in the hope that it would bring him the good luck she promised. "I wrap them in tinfoil and bury them at midnight in the light of the moon," she said. Thus awesomely armed, Fisher and the Mets went forth and lost to the Cubs 3-0. Eleven weeks ago Billy O'Dell of PITTSBURGH (4-0), who normally weighs 180 pounds, had wadded to 148. It was found that he had Addison's disease, a malady that causes a loss of body salt. With proper medication he must take three pills a day for the rest of his life—O'Dell slowly regained stamina, and his weight returned to normal. Last week, pitching for the first time this year, he gave up one hit in 5½ innings of relief and beat the Phils. Exulted O'Dell, "I'm a lucky man. After all, I practically came back from the dead."

Standings: Cin 15-6, StL 9-6, Pitt 5-5, Chi 13-8, NY 9-7, Phil 6-8, SF 7-8, LA 6-9, NY 6-11, Bos 5-12

HIGHLIGHT

Steve Barber of the Orioles (right) wearily surveyed the score before his last Sunday's game against the Tigers. He had a no-hit, no-run game going with two outs in the ninth. The score was 1-0. There were runners on second and third as the result of walks (Barber's eighth and ninth of the game) and a sacrifice. Barber worked the count on Mickey Stanley to 1 and 2, putting him within one strike of the no-hitter. Then he threw a shanghaus. The pitch skittered into the dirt, the runner on third came in to tie the score and the runner on second moved to third. Lashering badly, Barber walked Stanley, and Manager Hank Bauer went to the mound. Almost solemnly he told the pitcher, "I'm sorry I can't go with you any longer. I tried to stick with you, but you ran out of gas." Replied Barber, "I know it three innings

ago." Reliever Stu Miller came in to face Don Wren, who hit a grounder beyond second base. Shortstop Luis Aparicio made a fine stop, but Second Baseman Mark Belanger dropped his throw and the Tigers went ahead 2-1. With the bases clogged, Miller finally got the third out and locked up the no-hitter. But the Orioles failed to score in the bottom of the ninth and thus suffered the agony of losing a game in which their opponents had not gotten a hit. It was the first time two pitchers ever collaborated on a no-hitter (though in 1936 three Cincinnati Reds combined for nine hitless innings before giving up a double in the 10th and three more hits and the game in the 11th). Barber, who two Sundays earlier missed a no-hitter against the Angels with one out in the ninth, laughs at bad luck by wearing No. 13 and saying, "I'm a left-hander, and I guess that explains a lot."



FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BASKETBALL NBA PHILADELPHIA won its third place championship and its first since 1956 when the 76ers defeated San Francisco 121-122 in the sixth game to take the series 4-2. (APR. 10)

BOXING Heavyweight FRED GEORGE, the world's most successful fighter from the Philadelphia area, won a split decision over Enzo Mastella of Torino in a 10-round bout held in Hershey, Pa. (APR. 10)

GOLF BILL CAMPBELL, 41, of Sunset Valley, Calif., captured the Birmingham W. A. Claret cup, the 10th of the 12th annual W. A. Claret cup of the North and South National Golf Association in Pinehurst, N.C., when he defeated by a 10-hole playoff. (APR. 10)

HOCKEY NIEL TORONTO gained a 3-2 lead in the first round of the Stanley Cup playoffs by taking two of three first round games during the week. After playing the first two games of the series, the Maple Leafs defeated the Canadiens 2-1 while Bob Pefford played in a goal at 8:26 of the second round match. (APR. 10)

BASEBALL The Los Angeles Dodgers won their first game in the 1965 season in the first round of the National League playoffs. The Dodgers defeated the San Francisco Giants 4-1 in the first round of the National League playoffs. (APR. 10)

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FACES IN THE CROWD



MARK OUELLETTE, a high jumper from Augusta, Me. who "loves all sports" showed he was also good at them when he entered his first tournament of any kind—the 9- and 10-year-old checkers and table tennis championships at his local YMCA—and won them both.



BILL DOERRMAN, 29, a city worker in Fort Wayne, Ind. who holds the American Bowling Congress National Tournament record for total number of pins and total games, set another mark as he made his 57th consecutive appearance at the event in Miami Beach.



BARBARA WRIGHT, 44, a professor of bookkeeping at Harvard who has won the national one-woman kayak titles already, took the women's division of the eastern slalom championships by scoring 261.6 points over the 7-mile white-water course at Hanover, N.H.



FRANK DEES, 15, of Lakeland, Fla., competed in the men's division of the Dixie Water Ski Championships at Cypress Gardens because there was no boys' class and astonished everybody by finishing him in the slalom and truck events and third in the jumping.



PAUL LAWRENCE, 23, a graduate engineering student at the University of Michigan, won his first piddle-ball title by beating defender Bud Mathison of San Diego 21, 17, 21, 19 in the singles final at the National Fox Wall championships in Bloomington, Ind.



WILLIAM WILLIAMS, a Louisiana State University fourth grade student who has been the school rock-a-billards champion for the past two years, took the men's three-cushion title at the National Collegiate championships in Corvallis, Ore. with a 3-0 mark in the finals.

also triumphed in a tie for seventh in the girls' 100-yard dash. The ATLANTA High School boys' basketball team, coached by Coach Jack McQuinn, won the 1965-66 season. The ATLANTA High School boys' basketball team, coached by Coach Jack McQuinn, won the 1965-66 season. The ATLANTA High School boys' basketball team, coached by Coach Jack McQuinn, won the 1965-66 season.

TRACK & FIELD James Thompson, JIM REYNOLDS, celebrating his 20th birthday, finished his season's best 100-yard dash in a tie for first in the 1965 season. The ATLANTA High School boys' basketball team, coached by Coach Jack McQuinn, won the 1965-66 season. The ATLANTA High School boys' basketball team, coached by Coach Jack McQuinn, won the 1965-66 season.

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CREDITS

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

CAMPBOARDS

Sirs:

I'm glad your "triumph" was big enough to accommodate Gerard W. O'Connor. His essay, *Yes, Darling, but Who Was on Third?* (April 24), evoked pangs of delight, nostalgia—and frustration. Who did tackle Phil Cofella?

RICHARD A. RANCATORE

Woburn, Mass.

● Skippy Munis.—ED.

Sirs:

Gerard O'Connor is apparently a camp dilettante, one who possesses a sound knowledge of many sports but cannot settle on any one in particular. Although baseball crops up most often in his article he has exhibited a terrible lack of discrimination in his choices. For example, anybody who knows baseball and is familiar with camp can tell you about Harry Steinfield. A real camp baseball fan would be able to recall how many double plays Tinker, Evers and Chance completed during their best year (it was only one-fourth of the total turned in by any decent double-play combination nowadays). He would also be able to discourse on the lack of rapport between Evers and Chance, and remark on Tinker's fantastic hitting ability against Christy Mathewson. Any camp fan would know that Clarence Mitchell, a Dodger pitcher, was the victim of Wambagans' triple play, but the fascinating feature of this incident (from a camp point of view) was that Mitchell hit into a double play on his next trip to the plate, thus accounting for five outs in two at bats.

For some camp questions to separate the men from the boys, consider these two:

1) In the seventh inning of the seventh game of the 1952 World Series, Billy Martin of the Yankees made a last-second catch of an infield pop-up hit by Jackie Robinson to erase the final Dodger threat of the Series. Everyone remembers Martin and Robinson, but who was the pitcher who made it possible? Here's a clue: It was his only appearance of the Series, but that wasn't surprising because he had done the same thing the year before against the Giants when he made his only appearance in the ninth inning of the sixth and final game and retired Sal Yvars for the last out when Hank Bauer made a sitting catch in right field.

2) In the 1948 Series Bob Feller faced Johnny Sain in the opener. Everyone remembers that Feller and Roudreau picked a Braves cleanly off-second base pictures in jerseys around the country showed this next day, only to have the umpire call him safe. The runner scored shortly after for the only run of the game and Feller never came that close

to winning a World Series game again. Who was the base runner?

Anybody who can answer these two questions deserves to be called a camp expert.

SEAN SLOANE

Westport, Conn.

● Answers for noncampers: Bob Kuzava pitched to Jackie Robinson in the 1952 Series. Phil Masi, running for Catcher Bill Salkeld, scored the winning run in the 1948 opener.—ED

Sirs:

Yes, everybody does know who Billy Wambagans is. Lots of people know it was Clarence Mitchell on the other end of that liner, and I bet quite a few even know that his teammates on base were Miller and Kil-duff. What is camp is knowing that Wambagans led the American League that year in most errors by a second baseman!

PETER A. BURKOWSKY

Ithaca, N.Y.

Sirs:

Would it be pure Camp to know who the quarterback was on the first All-America?

THOMAS DUNST

Toronto

HITS AND ERRORS

Sirs:

Congratulations on the pictures and the article by William Leggett about Roger Maris (*A Rose for Roger*, April 24). They combine to capture exactly the sentiments of the St. Louis fans and the extra effort given by Roger to please them. It is about time someone realized the potential of a player who hits 61 home runs in a season.

JOHN F. RICE

Hamden, N.Y.

Sirs:

Your William Leggett reveals a touch of pretentious pseudoscholarship in quoting Roger Maris as saying, "There must of been a reason for it." Practically every native speaker of standard English makes for that unstressed have a sound that can be represented by the spelling of (phonetically as). The fault lies not in saying it but in writing it. Likewise, it is doubtful that the late preflight manager Joe Jacobs' famous remark, "I should of stood in bed," represents what was really said, which is rather difficult to pronounce, although it is often written that way.

PHILIP B. GENT

G & C Merrim Company
Springfield, Mass.

● Leggett should of known better —ED

SERAMBELED EGG

Sirs:

In his article *The Fans Get the Booby Prize* (April 24), Frank Deford criticized the fans in Boston, Philadelphia and St. Louis, but he neglected to mention the fact that no eggs, Snickers bars, rocks or cigarette lighters were thrown in St. Louis until after the egg was thrown in San Francisco. The Warrior fans also showered the court with coins, paper, rubbish and other debris each time the officials made a call against the home team, no matter how obvious the infractions were. It was the San Francisco fans and Barry Hirsch who inspired the reaction from the St. Louis crowd. Their actions cannot be condoned, but if you were going to criticize the spectators you should not have omitted San Francisco.

TOMMY DOTSON

Danville, Va.

Sirs:

I can understand why the fans were irate. Rick Barry said that the St. Louis fans were for the birds and then he twice showed up late for the games in St. Louis just to draw attention to himself. And as for the egg throwing, it all started in San Francisco.

JACK PRATT

Benaparte, Iowa

ANIRBI

Sirs:

The recent reaction by the International Track & Field Federation of Jim Ryun's 2:44.9 half mile as a world record because of the failure of the AAU to sign the application strongly suggests blatant stupidity on the part of the AAU and incredibly inflexible bureaucracy on the part of the IFFF, and/or further petty and immature hankypanky in the struggle for supremacy between so-called governing bodies of track and field.

In either event, it would seem that no existing group is mature enough to have jurisdiction over the activities of athletes who themselves ceased to behave like children when they left grammar school. There is little hope for self-improvement, the Federal Government, too, has failed to straighten out the situation. It is obviously up to the interested public to take before either serious consequences result—like the fouling-up of our Olympic effort. Perhaps SI or its readers can generate some worthwhile suggestions.

JOE RUTZ

Watertown, Mass.

GOOD TIME

Sirs:

Whitney Tower's report on the Grand National at Aintree (*Disaster at a Doomy*)

continues

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B.F. Goodrich



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18TH HOLE continued

Barnard, April 17) was excellent and should do much to stimulate American interest in what is certainly the world's greatest steepchase. It is the constant recurrence of the unexpected that has made the Grand National what it is, and we had the full measure of that this year.

Since time is a big factor in most U.S. races, it is interesting to note how Formanov fared on that score. This obscure outsider returned a time three seconds faster than the 1966 winner, Angle, who had a trouble-free run. Quite a creditable performance for a 100-to-1 shot.

FINDAK STATTERY

Killarney, Ireland

GLOFFY

Son

On Saturday, April 8, Redwood High School in Marin County, Calif. held its recently established John F. Kennedy Memorial 50-mile hike. One of the high finishers was my 14-year-old brother, Stuart, who came in third out of 67. Part of the credit goes to a diet he discovered in St. After reading about swimmer Steve Ryzyk's unusual conviction (*He's a Love Boat* of Glop, March 27), Stuart started taking a dose of glop every night.

Even though my brother has not grown much yet, his success in the hike has caused a great deal of excitement. Other potential athletes around here are beginning to take glop, too.

STEVEN STAGER

Mill Valley, Calif.

THE RUSSIANS ARE COMING

Son

Congratulations on your fine report on the world ice hockey championships in Vienna (No Red Guard in Vienna, April 10). As a Swedish fan, I enjoyed reading the story but not finding out that the world title is regarded with "kindly tolerance" by the NHL.

I've had the opportunity to watch both this year's NHL winner, the Chicago Black Hawks, and the Russian national team, and I'm not quite as sure as the NHL people seem to be about the outcome of a game or a series of games between these two teams.

The Russians are excellent hockey players, with superb skating, very smart stickhandling, good body checking and passes and combinations that are out of this world. Their power plays are not quite as good but just wait a few years.

The Soviet team has run out of competition in the amateur hockey world. It both needs and ought to get a chance against a professional team. Otherwise the Russians might stop improving and even Sweden could catch up with them.

KIRIL CARNOBY

Hornstrand, Sweden

for people going places

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